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THE VIRTUOSO.

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Written by

THOMAS SHADWELL.

Licenſed, *May* 31. 1676.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,

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To the Most Illustrious Prince *WILLIAM*, Duke of *NEWCASTLE*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

SO long as your Grace persists in Obliging, I must go on in Acknowledging; nor can I let any opportunity pass of telling the World how much I am favored by you; or any occasion slip of assuring your Grace, that all the actions of my life shall be dedicated to your service; who by your Noble Patronage, your Generosity and Kindness, and your continual Bounty, have made me wholly your Creature: nor can I forbear to declare, that I am more obliged to your Grace, than to all Mankind. And my misfortune is, I can make no other return, but a declaration of my grateful Resentments.

When I shew'd your Grace some part of this Comedy, at Welbeck, *being all that I had then written of it, you were pleased to express your great liking of it, which was a sufficient encouragment for me to proceed in it: And when I had finish'd it, to lay it humbly at your feet; what ever I write, I will submit to your Grace, who are the greatest Master of Wit, the most exact Observer of Mankind, and the most accurate Judge of Humour, that ever I knew. And were I not assured of the Greatness of your favour, I should be afraid of the excellency of your judgement.*

I have endeavoured in this Play at Humor, Wit, and Satyr, which are the three things (however I may have fallen short in my attempt) which your Grace has often told me, are the life of a Comedy. Four of the Humors are entirely new; and (without vanity) I may say, I ne'r produc'd a Comedy that had not some natural Humour in it not represented before, nor I hope ever shall. Nor do I count those Humours which a great many do, that is to say, such as consist in using one or two By-words; or in having a fantastick, extravagant Dress, as many pretended Humours have; nor in the affectation of some French words, which several Plays have shown us. I say nothing of impossible, unnatural Farce Fools; which some intend for Comical, who think it the easiest thing in the world to write a Comedy, and yet will sooner grow rich upon their ill Plays, than write a good one: Nor is downright silly folly a Humour, as some take it to be, for 'tis a meer natural Imperfection; and they might as well call it a humour of Blindness in a blind man, or Lameness in a lame one: Or as a celebrated French Farce has the humour of one

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who speaks very fast, and of another who speaks very slow: But Natural imperfections are not fit Subjects for Comedy, since they are not to be laugh'd at, but pitied. But the Artificial folly of those, who are not Coxcombs by Nature, but with great Art and Industry make themselves so, is a proper object of Comedy, as I have discoursed at large in the Preface to the Humorists, *written five years since: Those slight circumstantial things mentioned before, are not enough to make a good Comical Humour: which ought to be such an affectation, as misguides men in Knowledge, Art, or Science, or that causes defection in Manners, and Morality, or perverts their minds in the main Actions of their lives. And this kind of Humour I think I have not improperly described in the* Epilogue *to the* Humorist.

But your Grace understands Humour too well not to know this, and much more than I can say of it. All I have now to do, is, humbly to Dedicate this Play to your Grace, which has succeeded beyond my expectation, and the Humours of which have been approved by Men of the best Sense and Learning. Nor do I hear of any profest Enemies to the Play, but some Women, and some Men of Feminine understandings, who like slight Plays onely, that represent a little tattle sort of Conversation like their own; but true Humour is not liked or understood by them, and therefore even my attempt towards it is condemned by them. But the same people, to my great comfort, damn all Mr. Johnson's *Plays, who was incomparably the best Drammatick Poet that ever was, or, I believe, ever will be; and I had rather be Author of one Scene in his best Comedies, than of any Play this Age has produced. That there are a great many faults in the conduct of this Play, I am not ignorant. But I (having no Pension but from the Theatre, which is either unwilling, or unable, to reward a Man sufficiently, for so much pains as correct Comedies require) cannot allot my whole time to the writing of Plays, but am forced to mind some other business of Advantage. (Had I as much Money, and as much time for it) I might perhaps write as Correct a Comedy as any of my Contemporaries. But I hope your Grace will accept of this with all its imperfections; which since the Royal Family have received favorably, I have all my aim, if it be approved by your Grace, who are next to them, in the greatest esteem and observance of,*

My Lord

London, June 26. 1676.

Your Graces most obliged humble Servant,

THOMAS SHADWEL.

PRO-

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Prologue.

YOu come with ſuch an eager appetite
To a late Play, which gave ſo great delight;
Our Poet fears, that by ſo rich a Treat,
Your Palates are become too delicate.
Yet ſince y'have had Rhime for a reliſhing Bit,
To give a better taſte to Comick Wit.
But this requires expence of time and pains,
Too great, alas, for Poets ſlender gains.
For Wit, like *China*, ſhould long buri'd lie,
Before it ripens to good Comedy;
A thing we ne'r have ſeen ſince *Johnſon*'s days,
And but a few of his were perfect Plays.
Now Drudges of the Stage muſt oft appear,
They muſt be bound to ſcribble twice a year.
Thus the thin thred-bare Vicar ſtill muſt toil,
While the fat lazie Doctor bears the ſpoil.
In the laſt Comedy ſome Wits were ſhown;
In this are Fools that much infeſt the Town.
Plenty of Fops, grievances of the Age,
Whoſe nauſeous Figures ne'r were on a Stage.
He cannot ſay they'll pleaſe you, but they're new;
And he hopes you will ſay, he has drawn 'em true.
He's ſure in Wit he cann't excel the reſt,
He'd but be thought to write a Fool the beſt.
Such Fools as haunt and trouble Men of Wit,
And ſpight of them will for their Pictures ſit.
Yet no one Coxcomb in this Play is ſhown;
No one Man's humour makes a part alone,
But ſcatter'd follies gather'd into one.
He ſays, if with new Fops he can but pleaſe;
He'll twice a year produce as new as theſe.

Drammatis

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Drammatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack.* — The Virtuoſo.

Sir *Formal Triſle.* — The Orator, a florid Coxcomb.

Snarl. — An old pettiſh Fellow, a great Admirer of the laſt Age, and a Declaimer againſt the Vices of this, and privately very vicious himſelf.

Sir *Samuel Hearty.* — A brisk, amorous, adventurous, unfortunate Coxcomb; one that by the help of humorous nonſenſical By-words, takes himſelf to to be a Wit.

Longvil. — In love with *Miranda.*
Bruce. — In love with *Clarinda.*
— Gentlemen of wit and ſenſe.

Swiming Maſter.

Hazard.

Lady *Gimcrack.* — Wife to the Virtuoſo.

Clarinda. — In love with *Longvil.*
Miranda. — In love with *Bruce.*
— Nieces to the Virtuoſo.

Flirt. — The Virtuoſo's Whore.

Figgup. — *Snarl's* Whore.

Betty. — *Clarindas* Chambermaid.

Bridget. — Lady *Gimcracks* Maid.

Porter to Sir *Nicholas.*

Ribband-Weavers, Sick and Lame People, Porters, Servants, Maſqueraders.

Scene, LONDON.

THE

THE VIRTUOSO.

ACT I.

Bruce *in his Gown, reading.*

Bruce. THou great *Lucretius*! Thou profound Oracle of Wit and Sence! thou art no Trifling-Landskip-Poet, no Fantastick Heroick Dreamer, with empty Descriptions of Impossibilities, and mighty sounding Nothings. Thou reconcil'st Philosophy with Verse, and dost, almost alone, demonstrate that Poetry and Good Sence may go together.

Reads. *Omnis enim per se Divûm Natura necesse est,*
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur,
Semota à nostris Rebus, sejunctaque longè,
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

Enter Longvil.

Longv. Bruce, Good Morrow; what great Author art thou chewing the Cud upon? I look'd to have found you with your Head-ake, and your Morning-Qualms.

Bruce. We should not live always hot-headed; we should give our selves leave sometimes to think.

Long. Lucretius! Divine *Lucretius*: But my Noble Epicurean, what an Unfashionable Fellow art thou, that in this Age art given to understand Latine?

Bruce: 'Tis true, *Longvil*, I am a bold Fellow to pretend to it, when 'tis accounted Pedantry for a Gentleman to spell, and where the Race of Gentlemen is more degenerated than that of Horses.

Longv. It must needs be so; for Gentlemen care not upon what strain they get their Sons, nor how they breed 'em, when they have

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have got 'em: the best of 'em now have a kind of Education like Pages; and you shall seldom see a Young Fellow of this Age that does not look like one of those overgrown Animals newly manumitted from Trunk-Breeches.

Bruce. Some are first Instructed by Ignorant-young-household-Pedants, who dare not whip the Dunces, their Pupils, for fear of their Lady-Mothers: then before they can Conster and Pearce, they are sent into *France*, with sordid illiterate Creatures, call'd Dry'd-Nurses, or Governors; Engines of as little use as Pacing-Saddles, and as unfit to Govern 'em as the Post-Horses they ride to *Paris* on: From whence they return with a little smattering of that Mighty, Universal Language, without being ever able to write true English.

Longv. O but then they'l value 'em for speaking good French.

Bruce. Perhaps good French may be spoken with little sence; but good English cannot.

Longv. Thou art in the right: but then there are a sort of hopeful Youths that do not travel; and they are either such as keep Company with their Sisters, and visit their Kindred, and are a great comfort to their Mothers, and a scorn to all others; or they are sparks that early break loose from Discipline, and at Sixteen forsooth, set up for Men of the Town.

Bruce. Such as come Drunk and Screaming into a Play-House, and stand upon the Benches, and toss their full Periwigs and empty Heads, and with their shrill unbroken Pipes, cry, *Dam-me, this is a Damn'd Play; Prethee let's to a Whore, Jack.* Then says another with great Gallantry, pulling out his Box of Pills, *Dam-me.* Tom, *I am not in a condition; here's my Turpentine for my Third Clap*: when you would think he was not old enough to be able to get one.

Longv. Heav'n be prais'd, these Youths, like untimely Fruit, are like to be rotten before they are ripe!

Bruce. These are sure the only Animals that live without thinking: A Sensible Plant has more imagination than most of 'em.

Longv. Gad, if they go on as they begin, the Gentlemen of the next Age will scarce have Learning enough to claim the benefit of the Clergy for Man-slaughter.

Bruce. The highest pitch our Youth do generally arrive at, is to have a form, a fashion of Wit, a Rotine of speaking, which they get by imitation; and generally they imitate the extravagancies

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vagancies of witty Men drunk, which they very discreetly practice sober; but in so clumsie and awkard a way, that methinks it should make witty men out of love with their Vices; as Prentices wearing Pantaloons, would make Gentlemen lay by the Habit.

Longv. These are sad Truths: but I am not such a fop to disquiet my self one minute for a thousand of 'em.

Bruce. You have Reason, say what we can, the Beastly Restive World will go its way; and there is not so foolish a Creature as a Reformer.

Longv. Thank Heav'n, I am not such a publick-spirited fop, to lose one moment of my private pleasure for all that can happen without me.

Bruce. Thou art a Philosopher: and now thou talk'st of private pleasure, what think'st thou of our Adventure with *Clarinda* and *Miranda*, the *Vertuosa's*, Sir *Nicholas Gimcrak's* Neeces? See the danger of going to Church, *Longvil*: I advised thee against it; 'twas a fine Curiosity, and has cost us dear.

Longv. Did ever I think we two should be caught any way in a Church?

Bruce. 'Tis a little strange that we, that have run together into all the Vices of Men, of Wit and Gentlemen, should at last together fall into the Vice of Fools and Country-Squires, Love.

Longv. We that have wonder'd at all other amorous Coxcombs must now laugh at one another. I am amaz'd at thy passion for *Clarinda*.

Bruce. And I no less at thine for *Miranda*. There's Witchcraft in't, to love where there's such apparent difficulty: for *Virtuoso* is as jealous as an Italian Uncle; his jealousie, helpt by the vigilancy and malice of that impertinent Strumpet his Wife, keeps 'em from all manner of address. Letters they have received from us, and we can have no answer; what the Devil's left for us to do in this case?

Longv. Fall down and worship me! I have found out the Noblest Tool to work with; and the most excellent Coxcomb that Nature e'er began, or Art e're finish'd.

Bruce. Thou reviv'st my dying hope. Who is't?

Longv. A Rascal that is *Virtuoso's* Admirer, Flatterer, and great Confident, the only Man he'll trust his Neeces with, who has discover'd to me that he has a passion for your *Clarinda*.

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Bruce. Curse on him. But a Rival's a very improper Instrument.

Longv. But this is a Rival so conceited of his own parts, that he can never be jealous of anothers. He is indeed a very choise Spirit; the greatest Master of Tropes and Figures: The most *Ciceronian* Coxcomb: the noblest Orator breathing; he never speaks without Flowers of Rhetorick; In short, he is very much abounding in words, and very much defective in sense, Sir *Formal Trifle.*

Bruce. He's an Original indeed, the most Florid Knight alive; I have some little knowledge of him.

Longv. I have perswaded him, that you and I are the greatest Philosophers, and the greatest Admirers of the *Virtuoso* and his Works that can be: This has already produc'd that good effect, that Sir *Formal* has this morning been with me from his noble Friend Sir *Nicholas*, to invite me to come to his House to see a Cock-Lobster dissected, and afterwards to Dine with him; and will be here with the same Message to you.

Bruce. How I applaud thy Wit! but why wouldst not thou communicate thy design before-hand?

Longv. I was resolv'd to surprise thee with it if it took, and to conceal it if it did not;

Enter Bruce's *Foot-man.*

Foot. Sir *Samuel Hearty* has sent you word, he will come and give you a visit.

Bruce. There's an Ass, an Original of another kind; one that thinks that all Mirth consists in noise, tumult, and violent laughter: At once, the merriest and the dullest Rogue alive —— One that affects a great many nonsensical by-words, which he takes to be Wit, and uses upon all occasions.

Longv. But the best part of his Character is behind; he is the most amorous Coxcomb, the most designing and adventurous Knight alive; a great Masquerader, and has forty several disguises to make love in; and has been the most unlucky Fellow breathing, in that and all other adventures. He has never made Love where he was not refus'd, nor wag'd War where he was not beaten. Here he is.

Enter Sir Samuel.

Sir Sam. Tom. Bruce. Good morrow to thee. Dear *Jack Longvil*, how dost do? Faith I wish'd you with me last night; we were a knot of merry Rogues of thirteen or fourteen of us got toge-

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together, ſung, and tore, and roar'd, and ranted 'igad all weathers, and drunk and laugh'd Dagger out o'ſheath, I vow to gad: We were upon the high Ropes, i'faith. Hey poop——troll ——come aloft Boys——ha-ha-ha. Ah Rogues, that you had been with us, 'ifaith. Ha-ha-ha.

Bruce. Faith and wou'd we had.

Sir Sam. 'Igad Boys: we'd have paid you off. We ſwing'd it away 'ifaith: We were ſo merry, o' my Conſcience, you might have heard us half a mile.

Long. What a Divine hearing was that?

Sir Sam. 'Faith I was pure company, I was never on a better pin in my life. There was one of the Company wou'd needs pretend to be a Wit forſooth; but 'ifaith Boys I run him down ſo, the Devil take me, he had not a word to throw at a Dog about buſineſs. When ever he was impertinent, I took him up with my old *repartée*; Peace, ſaid I, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle; and when e'er he began again, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle again ſaid I. Thus I run him down with a Hey poop! Whoo! ha-ha-ha! he had not a word, not one word, I vow to gad. Ha-ha-ha!

Longv. (*to Bruce.*) As this Fellow thinks all mirth conſiſts in noiſe, ſo he thinks all Wit is in running a Man down, as he calls it; not conſidering that impudence does that better.

Sir Sam. 'Faith I was very frolick; and there came a fellow abruptly into our company. I whip'd him up to. Hey! ſlap, daſh! gave him a kick in the arſe to drink, and made Pilgarlike go ten times faſter down ſtairs than he came up, i'faith, Boys.

Bruce. But this may coſt you a Challenge, Sir *Samuel.*

Sir Sam. Challenge! igad if he does challenge me, I'll run him through the Lungs about that buſineſs. He ſhall not only blow out a Candle with his wound, but the Sun ſhall ſhine through him. Pox! he's a raw fellow, he does not know what 'tis to have a Towel drawn through his Body.

Longv. This Fellow's brains, like ſome bottle-beer, fly all into froth.

Bruce. So briſk and dull a Rogue I never ſaw.

Sir Sam. Come, 'faith we are choice Lads, and ſhould make much of one another. I have indeed to night an *Intrigo* with a Lady, and I am to venture in a diſguiſe. I give a Maſquerade you know, and, I hope will be there. But to morrow night, 'faith I'll be very drunk about buſineſs. Ha Boys! ha! ha!

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Enter Bruce's *Footmen.*

Foot. Sir, one Sir *Formal Trifle* bids me tell you, he's come to pay his *Devoir* to you; he charged me to use that expression, I know not what he means by it.

Bruce. 'Twas very quaintly exprest: desire him to come up.

Sir Sam. Oh I have often seen him at Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack's* house, the *Virtuoso*; 'faith of a grave fellow; he's a very ingenious Rogue, and i'gad he has a fine way with him———

Longv. I never knew any man that had a way with him (as they call it) that was not a Coxcomb.

Sir Sam. He has a notable Vein of Oratory, a brave Delivery; and when he's in the humor, i'gad he'll speak finely, finely very finely.———

Enter Sir Formal Trifle.

Sir Form. Gentlemen, I humbly kiss all your hands in general, but, Sir, yours in a more particular manner. [*To* Bruce.

Bruce. Sir *Formal*, your most humble Servant; you do me a great deal of honour in this visit.

Sir Form. Sir, I never could admit a thought within the slender Sphere of my imagination, that could once suggest to me the not meeting with a good reception, from a person that is so strictly oblig'd by, and so nicely practis'd in the severer rules and stricter methods of honour, as you are.

Bruce. Sir, you oblige me with your fair Character.

Sir Form. Upon my sincerity, I wholly eschew all Oratory, and Compliments, with persons of your worth and generosity. And though I must confess upon due occasions, I am extremely delighted with those pretty spruce expressions, wherewith Wit and Eloquence use to trick up humane thoughts, and with the gaudy dress that smoother Pens so finely cloth them in, yet I never us'd the least tincture of Rhetorick with my Friend, which I hope you'll do me the Honor to let me call you—— I think I am florid——— [*Aside.*

Sir Sam. I told you i'faith he'd speak notably; he has a Silver Tongue.

Longv. Oyes! a Golden one! What would such Coxcombs do, if there were not greater to admire them? This Sir *Formal* is call'd a well-spoken man, with a pox to him———

Bruce. Sir, I shall think my self honored with the Title of your Servant.

Sir

Sir Form. It is so much to my advantage, that I do assure you, Sir *Formal Trifle* shall never give Mr *Bruce* any occasion to believe, that he shall omit any opportunity of avowing himself to all the World, to be the most humble and obedient of his Servants. Sweet Mr. *Longvil*, having already this morning paid my devoir to you, I shall at present onely tell you that, which I hope is no news to you; to wit, that I am your most humble Servant. There I think I was concise and florid.

Longv. You do me too much honor.

Bruce. Is there so great a Rascal upon earth as an Orator, that would slur and top upon our understandings, and impose his false conceits for true reasoning, and his florid words for good sense?

Longv. Your Bully, with his false Dice and Box, is an honester man.

Sir Form. (*To Sir Sam.*) Truly Sir, I am afflicted at the late falling out between Sir *Nicholas* and your noble self, which has deprived me of so frequently enjoying the honor of kissing your fair hands there.

Sir Sam. O Lord, Sir, your Servant, your Servant: 'faith I am very sorry for't too. But I shall be glad to wait upon you, and drink his health in a glass of *Burgundy*, and be very merry about bus'ness: He's a fine person ifaith, though he does not care much for Wit.

Sir Form. And, now Mr *Bruce*, after these little digressions which my particular esteem of every person in this presence has engaged me to, I am to inform you, that my noble Friend Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* does by me invite you, with your Friend, being Philosophers, and consequently his Admirers, to come to his house this fore-noon, to see the dissection of a little Animal, commonly called a *Chichester Cock-Lobster*; and afterwards to take a dish of meat, and discourse of the noble Operation, and to sport an Author over a Glass of Wine.

Sir Sam. Ha! this will prove for my design.

Longv. Give me your Orator for dispatch. What a flourish the Rogue has made to invite us to dinner.

Bruce. Sir, I will not do my self the injure to fail two such Ingenious and Learned men as Sir *Nicholas* and your self.

Sir Form. Alas, Sir, I! I am but his shadow, his humble Admirer; but I will undertake for him: Fame has not promis'd

more:

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more of him to your expectation, than he will perform to your understanding. Trust me, he is the finest speculative Gentleman in the whole World, and in his Cogitations the most serene Animal alive: Not a Creature so little, but affords him great Curiosities: He is the most admirable person in the *Meletetiques*, *viz.* in Reflections and Meditations, in the whole World. Not a Creature so inanimate, to which he does not give a Tongue; he makes the whole World Vocal; he makes Flowers, nay, Weeds, speak eloquently, and, by a noble kind of *Prosopopeia*, instruct Mankind.

And, Sir, though I ignore not what the envy of Detractors have express'd of him, yet, in short, I opine him to be the most curious and inquisitive Philosopher breathing; and I will let him know you intend to wait on him; within two hours he will show. 'Tis his time of Operation.

Bruce. We will not fail. What an Employment has this Fool under him? he is the *Chorus* to his Puppet-show.

Longv. I would rather be Trumpeter to a Monster, and call in the Rabble to see a Calf with six legs, than shew such a Block-head.

Sir Sam. 'Pray, Sir, commend me heartily to Sir *Nicholas*, and tell him, Faith and Troth I am sorry my Wit should offend him; and I shall henceforth endeavor to be as dull as I can to merit his esteem. I confess I was a little too airy and brisk about that bus'ness: but 'faith I am his most humble Servant, and have a Sword and Arm at his service, and 'gad will draw it against any man breathing, in defence of his Person and Philosophy; and so let him know from Sir *Samuel*.

Sir Form. I shall perform your commands, and doubt not but to do you service in it. Gentlemen agen, I kiss your hands. [*Exit.*

Longv. Sir *Samuel*, how came your Wit to offend the Virtuoso?

Sir Sam. 'Faith I was very well there; but you know I am an airy brisk merry Fellow, and facetious: and his grave Philosophical humor, did not agree with mine. Besides, h does not value Wit at all, he wo'nt be pleas'd with you, I assure you.

Bruce. Why so?

Sir Sam. Why, he did not like me at all; he's an enemy to Wit, as all *Vertuoso*'s are.

Bruce.

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Bruce. Sure if he had lik'd Wit, he would have lik'd you.

Sir Sam. That I think without vanity, but you must know, I pretended to *Miranda.*

Longv. Pox on him, what says he?

Sir Sam. And not to boast, I found my love would have had a good reception; but her malicious Sister, *Clarinda*, discover'd my Intriguo, and Sir *Nicholas* forbad me his house upon that bus'ness.

Bruce. What exception had he against you?

Sir Sam. Why faith he would not dispose of his Niece to a Wit, he said.

Longv. A Wit! 'faith he might as well have call'd thee a *Dromedary.*

Sir Sam. Peace, I say; *Face* is Latine for a Candle, Ha-ha-ha. You know I can run you down. In short, he said, I was a Wit, a flashy Wit. But if you have any kindness in the World for me, you might help me in this Intriguo.

Bruce. How so?

Sir Sam. Now you are invited, let me wait on you in a Livery for one of your Footmen. I have forty several Periwigs for these Intriguo's and bus'nesses: 'gad if you will whip, slap-dash——I'll bring this bus'ness about as round as a Hoop.

Bruce. Prethee, *Longvil*, let him go, that we may make sport with him, and abuse the Rogue damnably.

Longv. 'Sdeath! what, bring him to my Mistris?

Bruce. Canst thou be jealous of so silly a Rascal?

Longv. 'Tis ill trusting the fantastick appetites of Women; they are subject to the Green-sickness of the mind, as well as that of the body: One makes them love Fools and Block-heads, as the other does Dirt and Chat-coal.

Bruce. She's a Woman of Wit; besides, let him wear your Livery, and by your prerogative you may kick your Rival all this day, if he should be sawcy, which he will certainly be.

Longv. That consideration prevails with me.

Sir Sam. What say you, Boys? is it not an admirable Intriguo?——Hah!——

Longv. Sir *Samuel*, there is some difficulty: but, to serve you, we can refuse nothing. You shall do me the honour to wear a Livery of mine; I have new ones come home this morning my man will give you one.

Sir

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Sir Sam. If I do not my business, *Jack*, I am the Son of a Tinder-box.

Longv. Well! Pray Mr. Tinder-box, go about it quickly.

Sir Sam. Gad I'll do't instantly, in the twinkling of a Bed-staff. Ha-ha-ha.

Bruce. In the twinkling of what?

Sir Sam. Hey! pull away, Rogues; in the twinkling of a Bed-staff! a witty way I have of expressing my self. I'll away. [*Exit.*

Longv. Was there ever so senseless a Fop? words are no more to him than breaking wind, they only give him vent; they serve not with him to express thoughts, for he does not think.

Bruce. A Wit! a flashy Wit! a flashy Wit! What a dull Villain is this *Virtuoso*; But prethee take all occasions to kick this flashy Wit much; he'll give thee enough.

Longv. Pox on him, he has read *Seneca*: he cares not for kicking; he never scap'd kicking in any disguise he ever put on.

Bruce. Nor in any of his own habits neither. But I'll in and dress me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miranda *and* Clarinda *in the Garden.*

Miran. Were ever Women so confin'd in *England* by a foolish Uncle? worse than an *Italian*. But that I should be loath to speak ill of the dead, I should think my Father was not *Compos mentis* when he made his Will, to bequeath us to the government of a *Virtuoso* only, because his first Wife was our Aunt.

Clarin. A Sot, that has spent 2000 *l.* in Microscopes, to find out the Nature of Eels in Vinegar, Mites in a Cheese, and the Blue of Plums, which he has subtilly found out to be living Creatures.

Miran. One who has broken his brains about the nature of Magots; who has studi'd these twenty years to find out the several sorts of Spiders, and never cares for understanding Mankind.

Clar. Shal we never get free from his jealousie, and the malice of his impertinent Wife?

Mir. Though he be jealous of us, yet he's as tame a civil Husband to his Wife, as she can wish——who certainly Cuckolds him abundantly.

Clar.

Clar. She hates us in her heart, becauſe ſhe thinks we ſee too much. To be confin'd, and to ſuch impertinence too, puts me beyond all patience.

Mir. 'Twill make Dogs curſt to be ty'd up, and ſure 'twill provoke free-born Women more?

Clar. We ſhould have as good company in a Go a; for none but Quacks and Fools come hither; and one of the worſt of 'em is my fooliſh florid Coxcombe, Sir *Formal.*

Mir. He has baniſh'd my Coxcomb, Sir *Samuel*; a briſk airy Fool, that there is ſome diverſion in. He had as many tricks as a well educated Spaniel, would fetch and carry, and come over a ſtick for the King: He had ſome tricks of a Man too, and may paſs Muſter among the young gay fellows of this Town; and could ſing all the new Tunes and Songs at the Play-houſes.

Clar. And we are troubled with an old Fellow here in the Houſe, his Uncle *Snarl*, a great Declaimer againſt the Vices of the Age, a clowniſh blunt Satyrical Fellow; a hater of all young people, and new Faſhions.

Mir. But he is ſuch a froward teſty old fellow, he ſhould be Wormed like a mad Dog.

Clar. We try his patience ſometimes; but I am pleas'd to hear him abuſe the *Virtuoſo* his Nephew, who bears all in hope of his Eſtate. *Snarle* is a Fellow ſpares no body, always ſpeaks what he thinks, and does what he pleaſes. But yet, *Miranda*, there's a worſe misfortune than all this, that we two ſhould, in a Church, when we ſhould ha'been thinking of ſomething elſe, fall in love with two men of Wit and Pleaſure, who are two much Men of the Town to think of Marriage, we being too little Women of the Town to think of any other Love.

Mir. We have Fortunes good enough to lure them to Matrimony, if that were all; but the worſt part of the ſtory is, he whom I love is in love with you, and your Man makes addreſſes to me, as their Letters tell us: And even theſe Men we cannot ſee, but at Church, or at a Play-houſe, when we are guarded by our malicious watchful Aunt.

Clar. If we could but ſee theſe Men privately, there yet might be ſome hopes; we might each of us uſe our Lover ſcurvily, and him we love we might charm with kindneſs;

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for they are men that have known the pomps and vanities of this wicked World, too much to love a face onely.

Mir. If we could bring this about, I would ſtand out at nothing that might procure our freedome; the miſchief is, if we rebel, *Virtuoſo* will allow us nothing out of our Fortunes till we come of age.

Clar. Then we muſt e'en live upon the credit of a Reverſion, as ſome young fellows do that wiſh their Fathers hang'd: I warrant thee we'll find credit.

Mir. And loſe our Reputations: we have much ado to keep 'em as we are.

Clar. Let what will come on't, I am reſolved to break out: he ſhall ſooner ſtop a Tide than my Inclinations.

Mir. Oh if your Knight Errants and we agree upon the point, they'll ſoon deliver us diſtreſſed Damſels from our Enchanted Caſtle.

Enter Snarl *and his Man.*

Snarl. 'Tis a fine morning: fetch me a Pipe of Tobacco and a Match into the Garden. [*Exit Man.*

Clar. Here's old *Snarl*, he has call'd for his Tobacco too: he ſmoaks all day like a Kitchen-chimney.

Mir. Prethee let's teaze him a little, 'tis the greateſt pleaſure we have. Morrow Uncle———

Snarl. How now you Baggages! what do you abroad thus early? you us'd to be ſtewing a bed till eleven a clock, like paltry lazy Cockatrices, that are good for nothing, by the Maſs: You'll make excellent Wives, Cuckold your Husbands immoderately: You mind nothing but prinking your ſelves up. A wholeſome good houſewifely Countrey Wench is worth a thouſand of you, in ſadneſs.

Mir. You have a courſe ſtomach, and to ſuch a one a Surloin of Beef were better than a diſh of Wheat ears.

Snarle. A man muſt have a luſty ſtomach that has a mind to any of the Town-Ladies; they have ſo many tricks to diſguiſe themſelves, waſhing, painting, patching, and their damn'd ugly new-faſhion'd dreſſes, that a Man knows not what to make on 'em, by the Maſs: Beſides, I have not heard, that their Reputations are famous all over the World.

Clar. You are an old faſhion'd Fellow, Uncle, and think no Dreſs

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Dreſs handſome, but that which Ladies wore at the Coronation of the laſt King.

Mir. And think no Ladies honeſt, but your old formal Creatures, that were in faſhion in the year 1640. and cenſure all Ladies that have freedom in their carriage.

Snarl. Freedom with a pox! ay, 'tis freedom indeed: But the laſt Age was an Age of innocence, you young Sluts you; now a company of Jillflirts, flanting vain Cockatrices, take more pains to loſe Reputation, than thoſe did to preſerve it. I am afraid the next Age will have very few that are lawfully begotten in't, by the Maſs. Beſides, the young Fellows are like all to be effeminate Coxcombs, and the young Women Strumpets, in ſadneſs, all Strumpets by the Maſs.

Clar. You are a fine old Satyr indeed; 'twere well if you decri'd Vices for any other reaſon but that you are paſt them.

Snarl. You pert Baggages, you think you are very handſome now, I warrant you. What a devil's this pound of hair upon your paltry frowſes for? what a Pox are thoſe Patches for? what are your faces ſore? I'd not kiſs a Lady of this Age, by the Maſs, I'd rather kiſs my horſe.

Mir. Heav'n, for the general good of our Sex, keep you ſtill in that mind.

Snarl. Some Ladies with ſcabs and pimples on their faces invented patches, and thoſe that have none muſt follow: Juſt as our young Fellows imitate the French; their Summer faſhion of going open-breaſted came to us at *Michaelmas*, and we wore it all Winter; and their Winter-faſhion of buttoning cloſe their ſtrait-long-waſted Coats, that made them look like Monkies, came not to us till *March*, and our Coxcombes wore it all Summer. Nay, I'll ſay that for your comfort, the young faſhionable Fellows of the Town have as little Wit as you have.

Clar. You had a better opinion of our Sex ſure in your youth, were you never in love?

Mir. O yes, with himſelf alway:

Snarl. Never with any ſuch as you, I thank Heaven, I was never ſuch an Aſs; I'd not be ſuch a Puppy for the World, in ſadneſs.

Clar. Piſh: you are an old inſignificant Fellow, Nuncle, ſuch as you ſhould be deſtroyed, like Drones that have loſt their Stings and afford no Honey.

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Snarl. Marry come up, you young Slut, are you so liquorish after the Honey of Man? in sadness this is fine.

Mir. You have no pleasure but drinking, and smoaking, and riding with your Gambadoes on your little pacing Tit, to take a Pipe, and drink a cup of Ale at *Hamstead* or *Highgate*.

Snarl. Prethee, you prating Slut, do not trouble me with your impertinence. What pleasure can a Man have in this coxcombly, scandalous Age; in sadness, I am almost asham'd to live in't, by the Mass.

Clar. Then die in it, as soon as you can, if you do not like it.

Mir. Methinks, though all pleasures have left you, you may go to see Plays.

Snarl. I am not such a Coxcomb, I thank God: I have seen 'em at *Black-Fryers*; pox, they act like Poppets now in sadness, I, that have seen *Joseph Taylor*, and *Lowen*, and *Swanstead*: Oh a brave roaring Fellow! would make the house shake again. Besides, I can never endure to see Plays since Women came on the Stage, Boys are better by half.

Enter Snarl's *Man.*

Clar. But here are a great many new Plays.

Snarl. New ones! yes, either damn'd insipid dull Farces, confounded toothless Satyrs, or plaguy Rhiming Plays, with scurvy Hero's, worse than the Knight of the Sun, or *Amadis de Gaul*; by the Mass. Pish, why should I talk with such foolish Girls. Here, Sirra, give me my Pipe of Tobacco, with the Match. So——— [*He smoaks.*

Go now, and fetch me a lusty Tankerd of Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar in't———

Mir. Prethee do thee fling away his Cane, and I'll break his Pipe, which will almost break his heart———

Clar. Agreed. Fie Nuncle, is this your breeding, to take nasty Tobacco, and stink much before Ladies?

Mir. A way with it.

Clarinda *flings away his Cane*, Miranda *breaks his Pipe.*

Snarl. 'Sdeath! you sawcy Jades, what's this? I'll thrum you; 'twas well you flung away my Cane, you young Sluts; in sadness I'd ha'made Bamboo fly about your Jackets else, by the Mass. Ha! 'tis not broken all to pieces.

[*He*

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[*He is stooping for his Pipe, one flings away his Hat and Periwig, the other thrusts him down.*

'Ounds! you young Jades, I'll maul you, you Strumpets, you damn'd Cockatrices: I'll disinherit my Nephew, if he does not turn you out of doors, you Crocadills.

Clar. That's it we'd have, we'l weary you both of your lives till you bring it about.

Snarl. You young Jades, you Strumpets.

[*Exit* Snarl, *looking for his Hat and Periwig.*

Mir. Let's away, he'll beat us.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. Ladies, whither so gay, and in such hast? Is Sir *Nicholas* here?

Mir. No no, *Clarinda*, come away. [*He lays hold on* Clar.

Sir Form. Let me first violently ravish a kiss from your fair hands; I had this morning, ere I went out, tender'd you my service of this day; had I not opin'd, I should too early have disturb'd your Beauty: but, Madam, you ignore not, that those venturous Blossoms, whose over-hasty obedience to the early Spring, does anticipate the proper Season, do often suffer from the injuries of severer weather, unless protected by the happy patronage of some more benign shelter.

Clar. Farewell, I am in hast——— [*Exit* Clarin.

Sir Form. Her departure savors somewhat of abruptness———

Enter Snarl.

Snarl. Strumpets, Jades!

Sir Form. Sweet Mr. *Snarl*, had my eyes sooner encounter'd you, I had more early paid you the Tribute of my respect, which I opine to be so much your due, that though I ignore not that you are happy in having many Admirers, yet———

Snarl. 'Ounds, if I be not reveng'd on those Cockatrices.

Sir Form. Yet I say, none of 'em is endu'd with a more zealous heart to do you service, than your most humble Servant Sir *Formal Trifle.*

Snarl Pox! What do you trouble me with your fooliſh Rhetorick?

Sir Form. What is it so disorders the Operative Faculties of your noble Soul? But I beseech you argue you me not of Oratory; though I confess it to be a great virtue to be florid: nor

is

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is there in the whole World so generous and Prince-like a Quality as Oratory———

Snarl. Prince-like, Pimp-like in sadness! I never knew an Orator that was not a Rascal, by the Mass: Orators are foolish flashy Coxcombs, of no sense or judgment, turn'd with every wind; they are never of the same opinion half an hour together, nor ever speak of the opinion they are of. Pox o'your Tropes and Flowers.

Sir Form. Sir, upon my honour you mistake me still. I assure you I am a person———

Snarl. Whom I hope to see hang'd———

Sir Form. O Sir, you are in a merry humor: but, in good earnest, there is not a person in the whole World that is a greater admirer of your politer parts than my self.

Snarl. Pshhaw! pox of admirers; pish! what care I whether you be or no. Prethee, pish! you are very troublesome, in sadness.

Sir Form. Well Sir, you will have your pretty humors, you are dispos'd to be merry.

Snarl. Merry! Oh your Jack-pudding! merry quoth a! 'ounds you lie———

Sir Form. Sir, I have often intreated you to avoid passion, it drowns your parts, and obstructs the faculties of your mind, while a serene Soul, like that which I wear about me, operates clearly, notwithstanding the oppression of Clay, and the clog of my sordid humane Body.

Snarl. In sadness! would you were hang'd, that your serene Soul might be free from your sordid humane Body; 'tis a very sordid one, by the Mass.

Sir Form. O Sir, I will retire, and take away all occasions of your uttering things that *re vera*, are more injurious to your self, than reflecting on me. I take my leave, Sir. [*Exit.*

Snarl. You do well in so doing, by the Mass. It's a fine life I live here: I am tormented with a couple of young ramping Sluts; and then there's my Nephew's Wife, the most impertinent foolish Creature breathing. Then my Nephew is such a Coxcomb, he has studi'd these twenty years about the nature of Lice, Spiders, and Insects; and has been as long compiling a Book of Geography for the World in the Moon. Did he not give me my Board for nothing, in hopes of my Estate,

I'd

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I'd not ſtay here——But above all Villains, and tedious inſipid Blockheads, this Sir *Formal* is the greateſt; he is the moſt intollerable plague I have: I could——

With any Fools but Orators diſpenſe,
Who love words ſo, they never care for ſenſe.

ACT II.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, *and Sir* Samuel; (*Sir* Samuel *in the habit of* Longvil's *Footman.*)

Bruce. WE are here to our wiſhes; and neither the Virtuoſo, nor his Maſter of his Ceremonies within: If we could but meet with the Ladies now——

Sir Sam. Ay, if the Ladies were but here——you ſhould ſee how I wou'd ſhew my parts. Whip-ſlap-dash, I'd come up roundly with *Miranda*, faith Boys—ha ——

Longv. A pox o'this fellow, he'll be intollerable: I ſee there's no tampering with that Edge tool call'd a Fool——

Sir Sam. I am diſguis'd *Cap a pe* to all intents and purpoſes, and if any Man manages an Intrigue better than I, I will never hope for a Maſquerade more, or expect to Dance my ſelf again into any Lady's affection, and about that buſineſs. Come aloft, Sir *Samuel*, I ſay ——

Bruce. But ſweet Sir *Samuel*, if you diſcover your ſelf, you will be turn'd out of the houſe, and we for company.

Sir Sam. Let me alone; pox, if I ſhould be diſcover'd, I'll bring you off as round as a hoop, in the twinkling of an Oyſter-ſhell. But gad I cannot conceal my ſelf from my Miſtriſs; my Love and Wit will break out now and then a little about the edges, or I ſhall burſt, faith and troth.

Longv. Yonder come the Ladies —— Good *Sam.* keep your Diſtance.

Sir Sam. My diſtance! why the Ladies are by themſelves; I'll preſent you to 'em, I'll introduce you. Come along, pull away, Boys. Now, my choice Lads. Hay poop, come aloft, Boy——hah——

Longv.

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Longv. Do you hear, Sir *Samuel*, act the Footman a little better, or by Heav'n I'll turn you out of my Livery.

Sir Sam. What a pox, you are upon the High Ropes now. Prethee, *Longvil*, hold thy peace, with a whip-ſtich, your noſe in my breech, I know what I have to do mun——Do you think to make a fool of Pil-garlick?

Longv. By Heav'n, Pil-garlick, I'll cut your throat, if you advance beyond your poſt——Stand Centry there.

Bruce. If you do not, *Sam.* you'll find your Maſter very cholerick, honeſt *Sam.*

Sir Sam. Cholerick! what a pox care I; how ſhall I ſhew my parts about this buſineſs? if I ſhould ſtand here. Pſhaw, Prithee hold thy peace——

Enter Clarinda *and* Miranda.

Longv. Sirra, ſtand there, and mind your waiting——Damme ſtand ſtill——

Sir Sam. What a pox does he mean now? O'my Conſcience and Soul he has been a drinking hard this morning, and is half-Seas over already.

Longv. Ladies your humble Servant.

Bruce. How long have we pray'd to Heav'n for this opportunity of kiſſing your hands!

Clar. I ſee then you can be devout upon ſome occaſions.

Longv. We ſhew'd our devotion ſufficiently the firſt time we ſaw you; 'twas in a Church Ladies——

Mir. Lord! that it ſhould be our Fortune to ſee you in a place ſo little us'd by you.

Clar. I warrant they came hither as they do to a Play-houſe, bolting out of ſome eating-houſe, having nothing elſe to do in an idle after-noon.

Mir. 'Tis a wonder they do not come as the Sparks do to a Play-houſe too, full of Champagn, venting very much noiſe, and very little wit——

Longv. What ever your intentions are, I am ſure it is a very wicked thing for you to go to Church.

Mir. How ſo, Sir?

Bruce. Why to ſeduce zealous young men, as we might have been, but for you.

Clar. Your zeal will never do you hurt I warrant you.

Longv.

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Longv. You for your part committed Sacriledge, and rob'd Heav'n of all my thoughts.

Mir. That's ſtrange, for I aſſure you, none of mine e'r ſtray'd towards you.

Longv. I am glad to find you can be ſo very zealous: They that can be ſo very violent in that higher ſort of zeal, will often be ſo in a lower—— I am glad to ſee my Miſtriſs violent in any paſſion; 'tis ten to one Love will have its turn then.

Bruce. You could not but obſerve my great zeal to you, Madam; had I ſoar'd ne'r ſo high, you would have lured me down again.——

Clar. Alaſs, Sir, you never ſoar ſo high, but any lure will bring you down with a ſwoop, I warrant you.

Mir. You are he that have peſter'd me with your *Billets Doux*: your fine little faſhionable Notes ti'd with ſilk.

Longv. Yes, I have preſented ſeveral Bills of Love upon you, and you would never make good payment of any of 'em.

Mir. Would you have one anſwer a Bill of Love at ſight? that's onely for ſubſtantial Traders: young Beginners dare not venture, they ought to be cautious.

Longv. Not, when they know him to be a reſponſable Merchant they have to deal with?

Mir. Such, who keep a correſpondence with too many Factories, venture too much, and are in danger of breaking.

Clar. My Siſter's in the right: 'Tis more danger truſting Love with ſuch, than Money with Goldſmiths; eſpecially conſidering moſt Men are apt to break in Womens debts. I have received ſeveral honorable Summons from you, if I would have accepted the Challenges.

Bruce. I onely provok'd you fairly into the open Field; and 'gad, I wonder you had not honor enough to anſwer me.

Clar. You would have drawn me into ſome wicked ambuſh or other, Matrimony or worſe, I warrant you ——

Sir Sam. What a pox do theſe Fellows mean? I ſhall ſtand here till one of them has whipt away my Miſtriſs about buſineſs, with a *Hixius Doxius*; with the force of *Repartee*, and this, and that, and every thing in the world. [*Offers to go to* Clar.

Longv. Why Sirra, Raſcal!

Sir Sam. Ay, 'tis no matter for that Madam—— [*Pulls* Mir. *by the ſleeve.*

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Longv. You impudent Dog. [Longv. *kicks him.*

Sir Sam. Psha! psha! I care not a farthing for this. This is nothing, I am harden'd; I have been kill'd and beaten to all intents and purposes an hundred times, about intrigues and businesses. Madam, Madam, don't you know me?

Mir. What impudent lawcy footman's this?

Bruce. Poor silly Rogue, he must be beaten into good manners.

Sir Sam. Ha-ha-ha, that's good i'faith! Poor silly Rogue! that's well. Ha-ha-ha. But all these kicks, and these businesses, and all that, we Men of Intrigue must bear. Prethee, *Longvil.*, do not play the Fool; but let me discover my self——

Longv Sirra, be gone, or I'll beat you most infinitely——

Madam, let us not trifle away those few happy minutes Fortune lends us Lovers. We know your streights, and how few opportunities we are like to have; and therefore let me tell you in short, I am most desperately in love with you.

Sir Sam. O Traitor! what says he? I must discover my self quickly about this business, or whip-slap—I shall be bob'd of my Mistriss in the twinkling of a Bed-staff.

Mir. 'Tis true, our opportunities are like to be rare; but I'll improve this so well, we shall need no more——Good Sir, let it not transport you too much: for I do assure you, I am extremely and desperately out of love with you, and shall be so as long as I live.

Longv. Say you so, Madam? and are you absolutely and violently resolv'd upon this?

Mir. I am.

Longv. Faith, Madam, I am glad to hear on't. I never knew a Woman absolutely resolve upon any thing, but she did the contrary.

Bruce. I hope you'll not take example by your hard-hearted Sister, to nip so hopeful a Love in the Bud; but nourish it, and in time 'twill bring forth fruit worth the gathering.

Clar. It shall produce none for me, it's a dangerous surfeiting fruit, and I'l ha' none on't.

Sir Sam. I'll sing a Song that I us'd to entertain 'em with, and that will discover me. I shall be even with these impudent Fellows.

Sings——

She tript like a Baron Do, &c.

Longv.

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Longv. 'Sdeath! what does this Rascal mean?

Bruce. Pox on him; he sings worse than an old Woman a spinning.

Clar. How's this? I have heard that charming voice: 'tis very like a Coxcomb's that used to come hither, one Sir *Samuel Hearty.*

Sir Sam. Peace, Envy, Peace, Coxcomb; she never was so much in the wrong in her life: she was always malicious against me, because I could not love her, poor Fool——Coxcomb, whip-stich, your Nose in my Breech.——Pish.

Bruce. Hang him, let him discover himself.

Mir. 'Tis he sure—What project's this? he was ever a great Designer.

Sir Sam. I can hold no longer. Madam, you have lost your senses?

Longv. 'Sdeath! this Rascal puts me beyond all patience. Impudent Villain—— [*Kick him.*

Sir Sam. Ay, ay, it's no matter for that; it's no matter for that: I can bear any thing for my Mistriss. Don't you know me yet?

Clar. 'Tis he: I'll make as if I did not know him, and we'll have excellent sport with him.

Mir. Hold Sir; by your favor I am resolved to speak with him, and know the meaning of this.

Longv. Sirra.

Sir Sam. Psha! prethee hold thy tongue, *Tace* is Latine for a Candle, I say again. I knew I shou'd screw her up to the tune of Love — Now do you know your faithful Servant Sir *Samuel*?

Mir. I do; but have a care, if my Sister discovers you, you are undone.

Sir Sam. I warrant you I'll be as secret as a Cockle.

Mir. I am sorry you have been so exceedingly beaten and kick'd, Sir——

Sir Sam. Psha! psha! it's nothing, nothing. Come, come —— 'tis well it's no worse—Come, if any man in *England* outdoes me in passive-valor about Intrigues, I am the son of a Tinder box——

Mir. Have a care, she suspects something——

Sir Sam. Ay, let me alone——

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Clar. What ſawcy impudent Footman's this? Correct his inſolence, and ſend him hence, I like not his face———

Mir. The truth is, the Raſcal is ſawcy; but he'll learn better manners.

Sir Sam. Good! how the Rogues Love makes her diſſemble! Ah cunning Toad!

Longv. 'Sdeath you Dog! I'll learn you better manners; get you gone. [*Kicks him.*

Sir Sam. Pox on you, you over-act a Maſter, and kick too hard about buſineſs———

Longv. Do you hear, you nonſenſical Owl, be gone out of the Garden, or by Heav'n I'll run my Sword in your guts——

Bruce. Hold, *Longvil*, do not kill me; 'twill be ſomething uncivil———

Sir Sam. Uncivil! what a pox do you talk? Uncivil! why 'twill be murder mun. Uncivil quoth a———Well, I muſt be gone with a cup of Content, to the tune of a damn'd beating, or ſo———This is a fine nimble piece of buſineſs, that a Man cannot make love to his own Miſtris. But I'll come upon him with a *Quare impedit*, and a good luſty cup of Revenge to boot——

[*Exit Sir* Samuel.

Clar. We have diſcover'd your Fool. Do you want a Fool, that you muſt bring ſuch a one as Sir *Samuel* along with you?

Mir. Perhaps they thought themſelves not able to divert us, and brought him to aſſiſt them———

Longv. Faith Ladies, if you make trial of us, if we be not able to divert you, you ſhall find us very willing.

Bruce. I am ſure if we do not divert you from your cruel reſolutions, we are the moſt undone men that ever ſigh'd, and look'd pale for Ladies, yet———

Clar. I do not doubt but ſome Ladies, ſuch as they are, may have made you look pale and wan.

Mir. But a civil Woman could never yet come near your hearts, or alter your faces.

Longv. The greateſt Generals do not ſcape always unwounded; you have done my buſineſs, Madam.

Bruce. I have held out a long time againſt the Artillery of Ladies eyes; but a randome ſhot has maul'd me at laſt.

Clar. That cannot be; you were the greateſt Mutineers againſt civil Women that could be.

Mir.

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Mir. Always shewing your parts against Matrimony, and defending the tawdry ill-bred fluttering Wenches o'the Town.

Longv. That may be, Madam; but we are taken off.

Bruce. Ay, Madam; we are taken off.

Clar. There's no trusting you; for though you seem to be taken off, as you call it, yet you'll stick fast to your good old Cause.

Mir. A Man often parts with his honesty, but never with his opinion for a Bribe———

Enter L. Gimcrack *and Sir* Samuel.

L. Gim. Mr. *Bruce* and Mr. *Longvil* in the Garden with my Nieces, say you! young Sluts! do they snap at all the Game that comes hither? what are they discoursing of?

Sir Sam. Why to the Tune of Love, Madam; what should young Gentlemen and Ladies talk of else?

L. Gim. O impudent Gill-flirts! cannot one young Gentleman scape 'em? Are they making Love to my Nieces, say you?

Sir Sam. Yes, that they are, Madam, with a helter-skelter, whip-dash, as round as a hoop; what shou'd they do else? I'll retire——— [*Exit.*

L. Gim. That's Mr. *Bruce*, a fine strait well-bred Gentleman, of a pleasing form, with a charming air in his face. The other, Mr. *Longvil*, who has a pleasing sweetness in his countenance, an agreeable straitness, and a grateful composure and strength in his Limbs. I am distracted in my choice on whom to fix my affection. Let me see, which shall I like best? Mr. *Bruce* is a fine person really, and so is Mr. *Longvil*: and so is Mr. *Bruce* I vow, and so is Mr. *Longvil*, I swear. In short, I like 'em both best, and these fluttering Sluts shall have none of 'em.

Clar. Prethee, Sister, let's change our Men, and then we shall be troubled with no love from 'em———

Mir. Agreed. But if we be, it is shifting of our torment, and that's some ease. But hold, we are undone: here's my Aunt.

L. Gim. Gentlemen, your Servant. So, Nieces, you are soon acquainted with young Gentlemen, I see, It will in modesty befit you to retire.

Longv. We heard Sir *Nicholas* was at home, and took the liberty of a turn in the Garden.

Bruce. Where by accident we found these Ladies, who have done us the honor to entertain some discourse with us———

L. Gim.

L. Gim. They are always ready to shew their little or no breeding; you must pardon them they are raw Girls——

Clar. Thank Heav'n; we have not had the age and experience of your Ladiship.

Mir. We will leave your Reverend Ladiship, to shew your great wisdom and breeding.

L. Gim. How now, you pert Sluts——[*Exeunt* Clar. *and* Mir.

Gentlemen, you are not to take notice what these idle Girls say concerning my age: for I protest, Gentlemen, I exceed not Twenty two, upon my Honor I do not.

Longv. That's well; I remember her a Woman Twenty years ago.

Bruce. 'Tis true. [*Aside.*

'Tis impossible your Ladiship should be more.

Longv. You are in the very blossom of your age.

L. Gim. O Lord, Sirs! now, I swear, you do me too much honour. Yet had I not had some cares in the World, and the truth on't is, been marri'd somewhat against my will, I might have look'd much better. But 'tis no matter for that, I'm dispos'd of——

Bruce. This is to let us know she does not care for her Husband.

Longv. She means to trust one or both of us.

L. Gim. Yet I confess, Sir *Nicholas* is a fine solitary Philosophical person. But my nature more affects the vigorous gaity and jollity of Youth, than the fruitless speculations of Age.

Longv. Those fitter for your youth and blood. But may we not have the honor we were promised of seeing Sir *Nicholas*?

L. Gim. The truth on't is, he is within, but upon some private business: but nothing shall be reserved from such accomplish'd persons as you are. The truth on't is, he's learning to swim.

Longv. Is there any Water hereabouts, Madam?

L. Gim. He does not learn to swim in the Water, Sir.

Bruce. Not in the Water, Madam! how then?

L. Gim. In his Laboratory, a spacious Room, where all his Instruments and fine Knacks are.

Longv. How is this possible?

L. Gim Why he has a Swiming-Master comes to him.

Bruce. A Swiming-Master! this is beyond all president—— He is the most curious Coxcomb breathing—— [*Aside.*

L. Gim.

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L. Gim. He has a Frog in a Bowl of Water, ty'd with a pack-thred by the loins; which pack-thred Sir *Nicholas* holds in his teeth, lying upon his belly on a Table; and as the Frog strikes, he strikes; and his swiming-Master stands by, to tell him when he does well or ill.

Longv. This is the rarest Fop that ever was heard of.

Bruce. Few *Virtuoso's* can arrive to this pitch, Madam. This is the most curious invention I ever heard of.

L. Gim. Alas! he has many such. He is a rare Mechanick Philosopher. The Colledge indeed refus'd him, they envy'd him.

Longv. Were it not possible to have the favor of seeing this Experiment?

L. Gim. I cannot deny any thing to such persons. I'll introduce you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE opens, *and discovers Sir* Nicholas *learning to swim upon a Table, Sir* Formal *and the Swiming-Master standing by.*

Sir Form. In earnest this is very fine: I doubt not, Sir, but in a short space of time, you will arrive at that curiosity in this watery Science, that not a Frog breathing will exceed you. Though I confess it is the most curious of all amphibious Animals (in the Art, shall I say, or rather nature of Swiming.)

Swim. Mast. Ah! well struck, Sir *Nicholas*; that was admirable, that was as well swom as any Man in *England* can. Observe the Frog, Draw up your Arms a little nearer, and then thrust 'em out strongly — Gather up your Legs a little more——So, very well —— Incomparable——

Enter Bruce, Longvil, *and* L. Gimcrack.

Bruce. Let's not interrupt them, Madam, yet but observe a little this great Curiosity.

Longv. 'Tis a noble Invention.

L. Gim. 'Tis a thing the Colledge never thought on.

Sir Nich. Let me rest a little to respire. So it is wonderful, my noble Friend, to observe the agility of this pretty Animal, which, notwithstanding I impede its motion, by the detention of this Filum or Thred within my teeth, which makes a ligature about its loins, and though by many sudden stops I cause the Animal sometimes to sink or immerge, yet with indefatigable activity it rises and keeps almost its whole body upon the superficies or surface of this humid Element——

Sir Form. True, Noble Sir; nor do I doubt but your Genius will

will make Art equal, if not excced Nature; nor will this or any other Frog upon the face of the Earth out-swim you ——

Sir Nich. Nay, I doubt not, Sir, in a very little time to become amphibious; a man, by Art, may appropriate any Element to himself. You know a great many *Virtuoso*'s that can fly; but I am so much advanc'd in the Art of Flying, that I can already out-fly that pond'rous Animal call'd a *Bustard*; nor should any Grey-hound in *England* catch me in the calmest day, before I get upon wing: Nay, I doubt not, but in a little time to improve the Art so far, 'twill be as common to buy a pair of Wings to fly to the World in the Moon, as to buy a pair of Wax Boots to ride into *Sussex* with.

Sir Form. Nay doubtless, Sir, if you proceed in those swift gradations you have hitherto prosper'd in, there will be no difficulty in the noble enterprise, which is devoutly to be effligated by all ingenious persons since the intelligence with that Lunary World wou'd be of infinite advantage to us, in the improvement of our Politicks.

Sir Nich. Right: for the Moon being *Domina humidiorum*, to wit, the Governess of moist Bodies, has, no doubt, the superior Government of all Islands; and its influence is the cause so many of us are Dilirious and Lunatick in this. But having sufficiently refrigerated my lungs by way of respiration, I will return to my swiming ——

Swim. Mast. Admirably well struck! rarely swum! he shall swim with any man in *Europe*.

Sir Form. Hold, Sir *Nicholas*; here are those Noble Gentlemen and Philosophers, whom I invited to kiss your hands; and I am not a little proud of the honor, of being the grateful and happy Instrument of the necessitude and familiar communication which is like to intervene between such excellent *Virtuoso*'s.

Bruce. We are, Sir *Nicholas*'s, and your most humble Servants.

Longv. We shall think our selves much honored with the knowledge of so celebrated a *Virtuoso*.

Sir Nich. You are right welcome into my poor Laboratory; and if in ought I can serve you in the way of Science, my nature is diffusive, and I shall be glad of communicating with such eminent *Virtuoso*'s as I am let to know you are.

Longv. We pretend to nothing more than to be your humbl admirers.

Sir

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Sir For. All the ingenious World are proud of Sir *Nicholas*, for his Phyſico-mechanical Excellencies.

Sir Nich. I confeſs I have ſome felicity that way; but were I as præcelling in Phyſico-Mechanical Inveſtigations, as you in Tropical Rhetorical Flouriſhes, I wou'd yield to none.

Longv. How the Aſſes claw one another?

Bruce. We are both your admirers. But of all quaint Inventions, none ever came near this of Swiming.

Sir Form. Truly I opine it to be a moſt compendious method, that in a fortnights proſecution has advanced him to be the beſt Swimer of *Europe*. Nay, if it were poſſible to ſwim with any Fiſh of his Inches.

Longv. Have you ever tri'd in the Water, Sir?

Sir Nic. No, Sir; but I ſwim moſt exquiſitely on Land.

Bruce. Do you intend to practiſe in the Water, Sir?

Sir Nic. Never, Sir; I hate the Water, I never come upon the Water, Sir.

Longv. Then there will be no uſe of Swiming.

Sir Nic. I content my ſelf with the Speculative part of Swiming, I care not for the Practick. I ſeldom bring any thing to uſe, 'tis not my way. Knowledge is my ultimate end.

Bruce. You have reaſon, Sir; Knowledge is like Virtue, its own reward.

Sir Form. To ſtudy for uſe is baſe and mercenary, below the ſerene and quiet temper of a ſedate Philoſopher,

Sir Nich. You have hit it right, Sir. I never ſtudi'd any thing for uſe but Phyſick, which I adminiſter to poor people: you ſhall ſee my method.

Longv. Sir I beſeech you, what new curioſities have you found out in Phyſick?

Sir Nic. Why I have found out the uſe of Reſpiration, or Breathing, which is a motion of the Thorax and the Lungs, whereby the Air is impell'd by the Noſe, Mouth and Windpipe into the Lungs, and thence expell'd farther to elaborate the Blood, by refrigerating it, and ſeparating its fuliginous ſteams.

Bruce. What a ſecret the Rogue has found out?

Sir Nic. I have found too, that an Animal may be preſerv'd without reſpiration, when the wind-pipe's cut in two, by follicular impulſion of Air; to wit, by blowing wind with a pair of bellows into the Lungs.

Longv. I have heard of a Creature preſerv'd by blowing wind in the Breech, Sir.

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Sir Nic. That's frequent. Besides, tho' I confess, I did not invent it, I have performed admirable effects by transfusion of Blood; to wit, by putting the Blood of one Animal into another.

Sir Form. Upon my integrity he has advanc'd transfusion to the Achme of perfection, and has the Ascendent over all the *Virtuosi* in point of that Operation. I saw him do the most admirable effects in the World upon two Animals; the one a Domestick Animal, commonly call'd a *Mangy Spaniel*; and a less Famellick Creature, commonly call'd a *Sound Bull-Dog*. Be pleas'd, Sir, to impart it.

Sir Nic. Why I made, Sir, both the Animals to be Emittent and Recipient at the same time, after I had made Ligatures as hard as I could, for fear of strangling the Animals, to render the jugular Veins turgid, I open'd the Carotid Arteries, and Jugular Veins of both at one time, and so caus'd them to change Blood one with another.

Sir Form. Indeed that which ensu'd upon the Operation was miraculous; for the *mangy Spaniel* became sound, and the *sound Bull-dog* mangy.

Sir Nic. Not only so, Gentlemen, but the *Spaniel* became a *Bull-dog*, and the *Bull-dog* a *Spaniel*.

Sir Form. Which considering the civil and ingenuous temper and education of the *Spaniel*, with the rough and untaught savageness and ill-breeding of the *Bull-dog*, may not undeservedly challenge the name of a Wonder.

Bruce. 'Tis an Experiment you'll deserve a Statue for.

Enter Clarinda, Miranda, *and Sir* Samuel.

Clar. Sir, I must beg your pardon for my intrusion: but I have found out such a practise upon my Sister, as will nearly concern you to prevent it.

Sir Sam. What does she mean now?

Sir Nic. Against *Miranda*, say you?

Clar. This Foot-man has brought a Letter, and has been tempting her from that vile Man Sir *Samuel Hearty*. There 'tis.

Mir. 'Tis no matter for her persecution. Be confident of me, you can endure any thing———

Sir Sam. Ay, any thing, the most substantial beating under the Sun. I have had a pretty parcel o' kicks already about this business: but as long as I find love, I care not for kicking.

Longv. A pox o' this Rascal, he'll undo us———

Sir

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Sir Nic. This is a Villain indeed, to tempt my Niece from that Knight; why he is a Spark, a Gallant, a Wit o'th' Town; the greateſt debaucher of Youth, and corrupter of Ladies in *England.*

Sir Sam. The Rogue has hit me to a Cows thumb, he's as cunning a Fellow as any within forty ſhillings of his head. [*Aſide.*

Sir Form. The Man indeed has ſpruce, polite, Mercurial, and pretty conciſe parts; but he's a little too volatile and flaſhy; he would make a fine perſon if he were but ſolid.

Sir Sam. Good! ſolid! wou'd he ſo? That's as dull a Fellow as a man wou'd wiſh to lay his leg over.

Longv. I confeſs he is my Foot-man, but ſhall be no longer ſo; let him be ſoundly pump'd and toſs'd in a Blanket.

Sir Nic. Truly it is an injury beyond all ſufferance, and with your leave, I'll have him ſo exercis'd. Call in my people.

Sir Sam. Hold, hold, Sir! what do you mean? Sir *Samuel* deſired me to deliver this Note; and he's a perſon I am much beholding to, that's all I know o'th' matter, only that he is a fine Gentleman, and a witty facetious perſon as any wears a head.

Longv. Here! where are my Servants!

Enter Servants.

Sirra! ſtrip that Raſcal's Coat over his ears.

Sir Sam. Hold, hold, *Longvil!* what are you mad? I ſhall catch cold in the twinkling of a Bedſtaff, man.

Sir Nic. Do you hear, let him be taken, and firſt pumpt ſoundly, and then toſs'd in a blanket.

Longv. Impudent Raſcal! away with him.

Mir. Pump him ſoundly impudent Fellow.

Sir Sam. Ah, my pretty little diſſembling Rogue. [*Aſide.*

Sir Nic. See it done to purpoſe, and then turn him out a doors.

Sir Sam. What a Devil ſhall I do? but ſhe loves me ſtill. Come——'tis well it's no worſe——my intrigue goes on rarely—— [*They hale him out.*

Clar. Let's ſee the execution.

Mir. Come on let's ſee how generouſly he ſuffers.

[*Exit* Clar. *and* Mir.

Sir Nic. But now to return to my transfuſion.

Longv. That was a rare Experiment of transfuſing the blood of a Sheep into a Mad-man.

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Sir Nic. Short of many of mine. I assure you I have transfus'd into a humane Vein 64 ounces *Haver du pois* weight, from one Sheep. The emittent Sheep dy'd under the Operation, but the recipient Mad-man is still alive; he suffer'd some disorder at first. The Sheep's blood being Heterogeneous, but in a short time it became Homogeneous with his own.

Sir Form. Ha! Gentlemen, was not this incomparable? but you shall hear more.

Enter Snarl.

Sir Nic. The Patient from being Maniacl, or raging mad, became wholly Ovine or Sheepish; he bleated perpetually, and chew'd the Cud: he had Wool growing on him in great quantities, and a *Northamptonshire* Sheep's Tail did soon emerge or arise from his Anus or humane Fundament.

Snarl. In sadness Nephew, I am asham'd of you, you will never leave Lying and Quacking with your Transfusions and Fools tricks. I believe if the blood of an Ass were tranfused into a *Virtuoso*, you would not know the emittent Ass from the Recipient Philosopher, by the Mass.

Sir Nic. O Uncle! you'll have your way; he's a merry Gentleman.

Snarl. Pox! merry! prithee leave prating and lying; I am not merry, I am angry with such Coxcombs as you are.

Sir Form. Well, Sir, you are very pleasant, and will have your facetious pretty humors.

Snarl. You are the *Zany* to this Mountebank.

Sir Nic. Pray, Uncle, interrupt us not. To convince you Gentlemen, of the truth of what I say, here is a Letter from the Patient, who calls himself the meanest of my Flock, and sent me some of his own Wool. I shall shortly have a Flock of 'em; I'll make all my Clothes of 'em, 'tis finer than Beaver. Here was one to thank me for the Cure by Sheeps blood just now ——

Snarl. O yes! he did not speak, but bleated his thanks to you. In sadness you deserve to be hang'd. You kill'd four or five that I know with your transfusion ——

Sir Nic. Sir, alas! those men suffer'd not under the Operation, but they were Cacochymious, and had deprav'd Viscera, that is to say, their Bowels were gangren'd.

Snarl. Pish! I do not know what you mean by your damn'd Cacochymious canting; but they dy'd in sadness. Prethee make haste:

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haſt with your canting and lying, and let's go to dinner, or you ſhall quack by your ſelf———

Longv. A pleaſant blunt old Fellow —

Bruce. He's in the wrong in abuſing Transfuſion: for excellent Experiments may be made in changing one Creature into the nature of another.

Longv. Nay, it may be improved to that height, to alter the fleſh of Creatures that we eat, as much as grafting and inoculating does Fruits———

Sir Nic. 'Tis very true, I do it, I uſe it to that end.

Snarl. Pox! let me ſee you invent any thing ſo uſeful as a Mouſetrap, and I'll believe ſome of your Lies. Prethee! did not a fellow cheat thee with Eggs, which he pretended were laid with hairs in them, and you gave him ten ſhillings apiece for the Eggs; till I diſcover'd they were put in at a hole, made by a very fine Needle.

Sir Form. Well Mr. *Snarl*, you have the prettieſt way of drolling. Gentlemen, pray let me recommend him to you, he's a fine facetious witty perſon indeed.

Snarl. You recommend me! Prethee, damn'd Orator, hold thy tongue. In ſadneſs you are a fooliſh flaſhy Fellow —

Bruce. We ſhall be glad of the honour to know you.

Snarl. I deſire no acquaintance with any young Man of this Age, not I.

Longv. Why ſo, Sir?

Snarl. Why then are vitious illiterate fooliſh Fellows, good for nothing but to roar and make a noiſe in a Play-houſe. To be very brisk with pert Whores in Vizards, who, though never ſo ill-bred, are moſt commonly too hard for them at their own weapon, *Repartee*—And when Whores are not there, they play Monkey-tricks with one another, while all ſober men laugh at them.

Bruce. They are even with them, for they laugh at all ſober men again.

Longv. No Man's happy but by compariſon. 'Tis the great comfort of all the World to deſpiſe and laugh at one another.

Snarl. But theſe are ſuch unthinking Animals, and ſo weary of themſelves, they can never be alone; always complaining of ſhort life, yet never know what to do with the time they have.

Bruce. This ſnarling Fellow's ſometimes in the right.

Snarl,

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Snarl. Their top of their Education is to ſmatter French: for in *France* they have been to learn French Vices to ſpend Engliſh Eſtates with; with an inſipid gaity, which is to be ſlight and bright, very pert and very dull.

Sir Nich. Sir I beſeech you to be civiller to my Friends.

Snarl. I am tranſported with paſſio n againſt the young Fellows of the Age.

Longv. Old Fools always envy young Fools.

Snarl, They are all forward and poſitive in things they underſtand not; they laugh at any Gentleman that has Art or Science, and make it the property of a well-bred Gentleman, to be good for nothing, but to make a Figure in the Drawing-room, ſet his Periwig in the Glaſs, ſmile, whiſper, and make legs and fooliſh faces for an hour or two, without one word of ſenſe in ſadneſs.

Bruce. The ſnarling Rogue's very tart upon the Youngſters.

Longv. When the pleaſures of Wine and Women, the joys of Youth leaves us, Envy and Malice the luſts of Age, ſucced 'em—

Snarl. Beſides, they are all ſuch Whoring fellows, in ſadneſs I am aſham'd of 'em. The laſt Age was an Age of Modeſty—

Bruce. I believe there was the ſame Wenching then: onely they diſſembled it. They added Hypocraſie to Fornication, and ſo made two Sins of what we make but one.

Longv. After all his virtue, this old Fellow keeps a Whore. I'll tell you more on't.

Sir Nic. I hope you will pardon the rough nature of my Uncle, who ſpares no body. Now if you pleaſe, Gentlemen, we'll retire. I am ſorry I cannot perform the diſſection of the Lobſter, which I promis'd. My Fiſh-monger that ſerves me for that Operation, has fail'd me: but I'll aſſure you it is the moſt curious of all Teſtaceous or Cruſtaceous Animals whaſoever.

Sir Form. But we will read an Author, and ſport about a little *Greek* and *Latine* before Dinner. The one is a noble refection of the Mind, as the other is of the Body.

Longv. We wait on you.

Sir Nic. After Dinner we will have a Lecture concerning the Nature of Inſects, and will ſurvey my *Microſcopes*, *Teleſcopes*, *Thermometers*, *Barometers*, *Pneumatick Engines*, *Stentrophonical Tubes*, and the like———

Bruce.

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Bruce. We are infinitely oblig'd to you, Sir. But all this does not edifie with our Miſtreſſes, *Longvil.*

Longv. We muſt find a way to get rid of theſe inſipid Fools. I have a way to get rid of the Lady.

Sir Form. Gentlemen, we moſt humbly attend your motions.

Bruce. We wait on you. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III.

Enter Longvil *and* Miranda.

Longv. DEar Madam! tender the life and welfare of a poor humble Lover.

Mir. What a faſhionable Gentleman of this Age, and a Lover! it is impoſſible! They are all Keepers, and tranſplant tawdry things from the *Exchange* or the *Play-houſe*, and make the poor Creatures run mad with the extremity of the alteration; as a young Heir, being kept ſhort, does at the death of his Father.

Longv. I was never one of thoſe Madam: nothing but age and impotence can reduce me to that condition. I had rather kill my own Game, than ſend to a Poulterers. Beſides, I never eat Tame things, when wild of the ſame kind are in ſeaſon. I hate your coopt cramb'd Lady; I love 'em as they go about, as I do your Barn-door Fowl.

Mir. 'Tis more natural indeed.

Longv. But had I been ne'r ſo wicked, you have made ſuch an abſolute whining Convert of me, that forgetting all ſhame and reproach from the Wits and Debauchees of the Town, I can be a Martyr for Matrimony.

Mir. Lord! that you ſhould not take warning! Have not ſeveral of your married Friends, like thoſe upon the Ladder, bidden all good people take warning by them.

Longv. For all that, neither Lovers nor Malefactors can take it; one will make experiment of Mariage, and th'other of Hanging at their own ſad coſts. Neither of the Executions will e'er be left off.

Mir.

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Mir. They are both so terrible to Women, 'tis hard to know which to chuse.

Longv. If you Ladies were willing, we Men are apt to be civil upon easier terms.

Mir. No; those terms are harder than the other.

Longv. You are so nimble, a Man knows not which way to catch you.

Mir. Once for all I assure you, I will never be catch'd any way by you.

Longv. Do not provoke Love thus, lest he should revenge his cause, and make you doat upon some nauseous Coxcomb, whom all the Town scorns.

Mir. Let Love do what it will, I neither dare nor will talk on't any longer.

Longv. You are afraid of talking of Love, as some are of reading in a Conjuring-book, for fear it should raise the Devil.

Mir. What ever you can say, will as soon raise one as the other in me. But I must take leave of you and your Similies. My Uncle will want you.

Longv. Will you not in charity afford me one interview more this after-noon?

Mir. Provided I hear not one word of Love, and my Uncle and Aunt be secure; I shall be in the Walk on the East-side of the Garden an hour hence. But, by your leave, I shall meet another there———[*Aside.* [*Exit* Mir.

Longv. A thousand thanks for the honour. Yonder come *Bruce* and *Clarinda*; I'll retire——— [*Exit* Longv.

Enter Bruce *and* Clarinda.

Bruce. I have taken more pains to single you out, than ever Wood-man did for a Deer.

Clar. If the Wood-man were no better a Marks-man, the Deer would be safe for all his singling. Besides, I am not so tame to stand a shot yet, I thank you———

Bruce. Lovers are quick Aimers, and can shoot flying.

Clar. Not, if they fly so fast as I shall from you.

Bruce. Come, I see this way will not do: I'll try another with you. Ah, Madam! change your cruel intentions, or I shall become the most desolate Lover, that ever yet, with arms across, sigh'd to a murmuring Grove, or to a purling Stream complain'd. Savage! I'll wander up and down the Woods, and carve my passion

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passion on the Barks of Trees, and vent my grief to winds, that as they fly shall sigh and pity me.

Clar. How now! what foolish Fustian's this? you talk like an Heroick Poet.

Bruce. Since the common down-right way of speaking sense wou'd not please you, I had a mind to try what the Romantick way of wining Love cou'd do.

Clar. No more of this, I had rather hear the tatling of Gossips at an Upsitting, or Christning, nay, a Phanatick Sermon, or, which is worse than all, a dull Rhiming Play, with nothing in't but lewd Hero's huffing against the Gods.

Bruce. Why, I'll try any sort of Love to please you, Madam; I'll shew you that of a gay Coxcombe; with his full plumes, strutting and rustling about his Mistriss, like a Turky-cock, baiting her with brisk aiery motion, and fashionable nonsence, thinking to carry her by dint of Periwig and Garniture, or by chanting some pretty foolish sonnet of *Phillis* or *Celia*; or at best, treating her with nothing but ends of Plays, or second-hand Jests, which he runs on tick with witty men for, and is never able to pay them again.

Clar. No, there are too many of these fine Sparks you talk of, who perhaps may be very clinquant, slight and bright, and make a very pretty show at first; but the Tinsel-Gentleman do so tarnish in the wearing, there's no enduring them.

Bruce. But I am of good metall, Madam, and so true, that I shall abide any Touch-stone, even that of Marriage.

Clar. But it's an ill-bargain, where I must buy my Metal first, and touch it afterwards.

Bruce. You shall touch it first, Madam, and if you do not like it, I'll take it again and no harm done.

Clar. No: I'll take care there shall be no harme done. Pray divert this unseasonable Discourse of Love, for I will never hear on't more. Farewell, I see my Lady *Gimcrack* in the Garden.

Bruce. Let me but beg to have one Treaty more with you this afternoon: if I convince you not of the error of your hard heart, I must submit and be miserable.

Clar. If you love to hear the same thing again, I will declare it to you an hour hence in the green Walk on the other side the Wilderness——Farewel——But, by your leave, you shall find another in my place—— [*Exit* Clar.

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Enter Lady Gimcrack *at another door.*

Bruce. Your Ladiſhip's humble Servant.
I have been taking the freſh air in the Garden, Madam.

L. Gim. I am come with the ſame intention, and am happy in the company of a perſon, who is ſo much a Gentleman.

Bruce. Your Ladiſhip does me too much honour.

L. Gim. By no means, Sir, your accompliſhments command reſpect from all Ladies. I doubt not but you have been happy in many Ladies affections———

Bruce. What will this come to? —— [*Aſide.*

L. Gim. But Women will be frail, while there are ſuch perſons in the world, that's moſt certain.

Bruce. Your Ladiſhip's in a merry humor, to rally a poor young Gentleman thus.

L. Gim. Far be it from me, I ſwear; your perfections are ſo prevalent, that were I not in honour engag'd unto Sir *Nicholas* (and Honour has the greateſt Aſcendent in the World upon me) I aſſure you I wou'd not venture my ſelf alone with ſuch a perſon: But Honour's a great matter, a great thing, I'll vow and ſwear.

Bruce. You Ladies will abuſe your humble Servants; we are born to ſuffer.

L. Gim. Lord, Sir, that you ſhou'd take me to be in jeſt! I ſwear I am in earneſt, and were I not ſure of my Honor, that never fail'd me in a doubtful occaſion, I would not give you this opportunity of tempting my frailty; not but that my virtuous inclinations are equal with any Ladies: but there is a prodigious Witch-craft in opportunity. But honor does much, yet opportunity is a great thing, I ſwear a great thing.

Bruce. Ay, Madam, if we uſe it when it offers it ſelf.

L. Gim. How Sir! ne'r hope for't! ne'r think on't! I wou'd not for all the World I proteſt. Let not ſuch thoughts of me enter into your head. My honour will protect me. I make uſe of an opportunity——I am none of thoſe I aſſure you.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! how apprehenſive ſhe is? I ſhall forget the Speculative part of Love with *Clarinda*, and fall to the practick with her. But I ſhall ne'r hold out that long journey, without this or ſome other bait by the way.

L. Gim. Yet, as I was ſaying, opportunity's a bewitching thing: Let all Ladies beware of opportunity, I ſay,: for alaſs, if we were

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were not innocent and virtuous now, what use might we make of this opportunity now?

Bruce. She's so damnably affected, and silly, 'twou'd pall any one's appetite but mine. Folly and affection are as nauseous as deformity. [*Aside.*

L. Gim. Should we now retire into that cool Grotto for refreshment, the censorious world might think it strange; but honour will preserve me. Honour's a rare thing, I swear, I defie temptation.

Bruce. You'll not give a man leave to trouble you with much. I have not observ'd that Grotto; shall I wait on you to survey it.

L. Gim. Ay Sir, with all my heart to survey that; but if you have any wicked intentions, I'll swear you'll move me prodigiously. If your intentions be dishonorable, you'll provoke me strangely.

Bruce. Try me, Madam.

L. Gim. Hold! hold! have a care what you do. I will not try if you be not sure of your Honor. I'll not venture, I protest.

Bruce. What ever you are of mine, you are sure of your own.

L. Gim. Right, that will defend me. Now tempt what you will, though we go in, nay, though we shut the door too: I fear nothing; it's all one to me as long as I have my Honour about me. Come.

Bruce. Yonder comes *Longvil*, Madam.

L. Gim. For Heaven's sake remove from me, or he'll suspect my Honour.

Bruce. So, this accident has preserv'd me honest. I am as constant a Lover as any man in *England*, when I have no opportunity to be otherwise ——— [*Exit* Bruce.

Enter Longvil.

L. Gim. Fa-la-la-la! O me, Sir! I swear you frighted me! I protest my heart was at my mouth. Alas! I shall not recover the disorder a good while.

Longv. What's the matter, Madam?

L. Gim. You brought a Gentlemen that's dead so fresh into my mind, one that was the first Object of my Vows and Affections, not expecting to see you here. I vow I thought it had been his Ghost, upon my word.

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Longv I am happy in reſembling any one you could love, Madam

L. Gim. I have long forgotten my paſſion for him; but the ſight of you did ſtir in me a ſtrange *Je ne ſcai quoi* towards you; and but that I am another's now——otherwiſe——But I ſay too much.

Longv. (*aſide.*) I have been too much acquainted with her character to doubt her meaning. Madam, you honour me ſo much, I cannot acknowledge it enough by my words, my hearty actions ſhall ſpeak my thanks.

L. Gim. Actions! Oh Heav'n! what actions? I hope you mean honourably. I ſwear you brought all the blood of my body into my face. Actions, ſaid you! I hope you are a perſon of honour, my Honour's dearer to me than the whole World. I would not violate my Reputation for the whole Earth.

Longv. Let us retire, Madam. If I do not ſhew my ſelf a Man of Honour, may your Ladiſhip renounce me.

L. Gim. Retire! Heav'n forbid! Are we not private enough? Well, you put me more and more in mind of my firſt Love, I ſwear you do.

Longv. By your leave, *Miranda*, I can hold no longer. Though I am as true as Steel, any handſome Woman will ſtrike fire on me. Let us repoſe a while in the Grotto, Madam.

L. Gim. O Heav'n, Sir! do not tempt me. What, give my ſelf an opportunity! Conſider my Honour, Sir; I am another's.

Longv. And ſhall be ſo ſtill; Madam, whatſoever uſe I ſhall make of your Ladiſhip, I ſhall return you again, and ne'r alter the property. Dear Madam, retire.

L. Gim. O Lord, Sir! what do you mean? you fright me ſo, I proteſt my heart is at my mouth. I am no ſuch perſon. Dear Sir, miſtake me not, miſconſtrue not my freedome; I wou'd not for the World——Well, I ſwear you are to blame now, never ſtir you are —— But 'tis your firſt fault, I can forgive you.

Longv. I am ſorry I have offended. But let us retire into the Grotto, and I'll make as many acknowledgments as I can.

L. Gim. Well, Sir, ſince you are a little more civil, I am content for diſcourſe ſake, for I love diſcourſe mightily——

Longv. Well, I am a Rogue. Dear *Miranda*, forgive me this once. Come, dear Madam.

L. Gim.

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L. Gim. I'll follow. But d'ye hear, Sir, if you be the leaſt uncivil, upon my honour I'll cry out. Remember, Sir, I give you warning. Do not think on't, I ſwear and vow I will; do not, I ſay, do not.

Longv. No, no, I warrant you; I'll truſt you for that. How fearful ſhe is I ſhould not think on't? [*Aſide.*

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. Sweet Mr. *Longvil*, Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* deſires your noble preſence: he being now ready to impart thoſe ſecrets about Inſects, which I dare be bold to ſay, no *Virtuoſo*, Domeſtick or Foreign, has explor'd but himſelf.

Longv. I wait on you.

Sir Form. I humbly kiſs your Ladiſhip's fair hands.

[*Exit* Longvil *and Sir* Formal.

L. Gim. Shame on this unlucky Fellow: I have diſcover'd the croſs love between my Nieces and theſe Gentlemen, and will make work with it.

Enter Maid to Lady Gimcrack.

Maid. Madam, here's a Letter for your Ladiſhip; the Meſſenger would deliver it to none but me.

L. Gim. Ha! it is from my dear Hazard.

Reads. *Madam, I am extremely impatient to ſee your Ladiſhip at the old place of aſſignation, as well for a great deal of Love, as for a little Buſineſs.*

L. Gim. Well, I will go, though it coſt me money. I know that's his little buſineſs. I know not why we Ladies ſhould not keep as well as Men ſometimes. But I ſhall neglect my important affair with theſe two fine ſweet perſons. But that's uncertain, this is ſure. [*Exit.*

Enter Snarl *and Mrs.* Figgup.

Snarl. How happy am I in thy Love! here I can find retreat, when tir'd with all the Rogues and Fools in Town.

Fig. Ay, Deareſt! come to thine own Miſs; ſhe loves thee, Buddy, poor Buddy. Coachee, coachee.

Snarl. O my poor Rogue. But when didſt thou ſee thy Friend Mrs. *Flirt*, my Nephew *Gimcrack's* Miſtriſs?

Fig. O ſhame on her! out upon her! O name her not.

Snarl. Why, what's the matter, Bird?

Fig. O filthy Creature, I cannot abide her; ſhe's naught, ſhe's naught.

Snarl.

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Snarl. Why, what's the matter, *Figg*? what has she done to thee?

Fig. Done! I'll never forgive her while I ha'breath. Do not speak of her, she's a base Creature; name her not, I ha'done with her.

Snarl. Has she affronted thee, poor Rogue? I'll have her maul'd. Filthy Creature.

Fig. Ay, birds-nyes, she's a Quean. But do not thee trouble thy self with her; 'tis no matter.

Snarl. I will know what she has done to thee. In sadness, if you do not tell me, I won't love thee, Pigs-nie.

Fig. Well, I will, but won't you laugh at me then?

Snarl. No, by the Mass, not I.

Fig Nay, but thou wilt, Bird.

Snarl. In sadness I won't.

Fig. Why would you think it? I wish I might ne'r stir out o'this place, if the lewd Carrion had not the impudence to tell me, that Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack* was a handsomer Man than thou art: No, I'll ne'r forgive her while I ha've breath.

Snarl. Poor Rogue! thou art a dear Creature in sadness.

Fig. Impudent Flirts! but I swear our Sex grows so vicious and infamous, I am asham'd of 'em, they have no modesty in 'em.

Snarl. In sadness it's a very wicked Age; men make no conscience o'their ways, by the Mass. In the last Age we were modest and virtuous, we spent our time in making visits, and playing at Cards with the Ladies, so civil so virtuous, and well-bred.

Fig. For my part, I blush at the impudent Creatures of the Town, that's the truth on't.

Snarl. So do I, in sadness. To see Villains wrong their sweet Wives, and, while they keep them short, let little dowdy Strumpets spend their Estates for 'em, by the Mass my heart bleeds, to see so great a decay of Conjugal affection in the Nation.

Fig. Out upon 'em, filthy Wenches; I wonder they dare shew their harden'd faces. They are so bold, 'tis a burning shame they should be suffer'd I vow.

Snarl. Nay, the young Coxcombs are worse; nothing but swearing, drinking, whoring, tearing, ranting, and roaring.

In

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In sadness I shou'd be weary of the world for the vices of it, but that thou comfort'st me sometimes, Buddy.

Fig. Prethee, dear Numps, talk no more of 'em; I spit at 'em; but I love n'own Buddy Mun. Predee kiss me.

Snarl. Ah poor Budd, poor Rogue! we are civil now; what harm's in this?

Fig. None, none. Poor Dear, kiss again, Mun.

Snarl. Ah poor thing. In sadness thou shalt have this Purse; nay, by the Mass thou shalt.

Fig. Nay pish! I cannot abide the money, not I; I love thee, thou art a civil, discreet, sober person of the last Age.

Snarl. Ah poor little Rogue! in sadness I'll bite thee by the lip, i'faith I will. Thou hast incenc'st me strangely, thou hast fir'd my blood, I can bear it no longer, i'faith I cannot. Where are the instruments of our pleasure? Nay, prethee do not frown, by the Mass thou shalt do't now.

Fig. I wonder that should please you so much, that pleases me so little?

Snarl. I was so us'd to't at *Westminster*-School, I cou'd never leave it off since.

Fig. Well: look under the Carpet then if I must.

Snarl. Very well, my dear Rogue. But dost hear, thou art too gentle. Do not spare thy pains. I love Castigation mightily——So, here's good provision.

[*Pulls the Carpet, three or four great Rods fall down.*

Within. Ho there within! open the door. 'Sdeath I'll break it open. What Rascal have you got with you? I'll maul him.

Fig. O Heav'n! this Rascal will undo me. What shall I do? 'Tis my Brother.

Snarl. In sadness I shall be ruin'd.

Fig. Run, run, if you love me, into the Wood-hole quickly. I'll get rid of him. For Heaven's sake take the Birch along with you.

Snarl. Ah Hectoring Rascal! we had none o'this in the last Age. Rogues! Dogs! A man cannot be in private with a Sister, but he must be disturb'd by th'impertinent Brother, in sadness.

Fig. In! in! I'll out to him. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Nicholas, Sir Foosal, Bruce, Longvil.

Sir Form. I do assure you, Gentlemen, no man upon the face of

of the earth is so well seen in the Nature of Ants, Flies, Humble-Bees, Ear-wigs, Millepedes, Hogs-Lice, Maggots, Mites in a Cheese, Todpoles, Worms, Neusts, Spiders, and all the noble products of the Sun, by equivocal Generation.

Sir Nic. Indeed, I ha' found more curious Phœnomina in these minute Animals, than in those of vaster magnitude.

Longv. I take the Ant to be a most curious Animal.

Sir Nic. More curious than all Oviperous or Egg-laying Creatures in the whole World. There are three sorts, Black, Dark-brown, and Fillamot.

Longv. Right, Sir.

Sir Nic. The Black will pinch the Dark-brown with his forceps, till it kills it upon the place; the like will the Dark-brown do by the Fillamot — I have dissected their Eggs upon the object plate of a Microscope, and find that each has within it an included Ant, which has adhering to its Anus or Fundament, a small black speck, which becomes a Vermicle, like a Mite, which I have watched whole days and nights; and Sir *Formal* has watch'd 'em thirty hours together.

Longv. A very pretty employment.

Sir Form. And a long time we cou'd find no motion, but that of Flexion and Extension: but at last it becomes an Ant, Gentlemen.

Bruce. What does it concern a Man to know the nature of an Ant?

Longv. O it concerns a *Virtuoso* mightily: so it be Knowledge, 'tis no matter of what.

Bruce. Sir, I take 'em to be the most politick of all Insects.

Sir Form. You have hit it, Gentlemen; they have the best Government in the World: What do you opine it to be?

Longv. O! a Common-wealth most certainly.

Sir Nich. Worthy Sir, I see you are a great Observer; it is a Republick resembling that of the States-General.

Bruce. Undoubtedly! and the *Dutch* are just such industrious and busie Animals.

Sir Form. Right. But now I beseech you be pleas'd to communicate some of your quainter Observations to these Philosophers, about those subtil and insidious Animals call'd *Spiders*.

Sir Nic. I think I have found out more Phœnomena's or Appearances of Nature in Spiders, than any Man breathing: Wou'd

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Wou'd you think it? there are in *England* six and thirty several sorts of Spiders; there's your Hound, Grey-hound, Lurcher, Spaniel Spider.

Longv. But, above all, your Tumbler-Spider is most admirable.

Sir Nic. O Sir, I am no Stranger to't: it catches Flies as Tumblers do Conies.

Bruce. Good! how these Fools will meet a lie half-way.

Longv. Great Lyars are always civil in that point; as there is no lie too great for their telling, so there's none too great for their believing.

Sir Nic. The Fabrick or Structure of this Insect, with its Texture, is most admirable.

Sir Form. Nor is its Sagacity, or Address, less to be wonder'd at, as I have had the honour to observe under my noble Friend; as soon as it has spi'd its Prey, as suppose upon a Table, it will crawl underneath till it arrive to the Antipodes of the Fly, which it discovers by sometimes peeping up; and if the capricious Fly happens not to remove it self by crural motion, or the vibration of its wings, it makes a fatal leap upon the heedless prey, of which, when it has satisfied its appetite, it carries the remainder to its Cell, or Hermitage.

Sir Nic. It will teach its young ones to hunt, and discipline 'em severely when they commit faults; and when an old one misses its Prey, it will retire, and keep its Chamber for grief, shame and anguish, ten hours together.

Sir Form. Upon my integrity it is true, for I have several times, by Sir *Nicholas*'s command watched the Animal, upon this or the like miscarriages.

Sir Nic. But, Sir, there is not in the World a more docible Creature, I have kept several of 'em tame.

Bruce. That's curious indeed. I never heard of a tame Spider before.

Sir Nic. One above all the rest, I had call'd him *Nick*, and he knew his name so well, he wou'd follow me all over the house; I fed him indeed with fair Flesh-flies. He was the best natur'd, best condition'd Spider, that ever I met with. You knew *Nick* very well, Sir *Formal*, he was of the Spaniel breed, Sir—

Sir Form. Knew him! I knew *Nick* intimately well.

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Longv. These Fools are beyond all that Art or Nature e'r produc'd.

Bruce. These are the admirable Secrets they find out——

Longv. Have you observed that delicate Spider call'd *Tarantula*?

Sir Nic. Now you have hit me, now you come home to me; why I travell'd all over *Italy*, and had no other affair in the world, but to study the secrets of that harmonious Insect.

Bruce. Did you not observe the Wisdom, Policies, and Customs of that ingenious people?

Sir Nic. Oh by no means! 'Tis below a *Virtuoso*, to trouble himself with Men and Manners. I study Insects; and I have observ'd the *Tarantula*, does infinitely delight in Musick, which is the reason of its poison being drawn out by it. Ther's your Phænomenon of Sympathy!

Longv. Does a *Tarantula* delight so in Musick?

Sir Nich. Oh extravagantly. There are three sorts, Black, Grey and Red, that delight in three several sorts and modes of Musick.

Bruce. That was a curious Inquisition; how did you make it?

Sir Nic. Why I put them upon three several Chips in water, then caused a Musician to play, first a grave Pavin, or Almain, at which the black *Tarantula* onely mov'd; it danc'd to it with a kind of grave motion, much like the Benchers at the Revels.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, The Gentleman that's going for *Lapland*, *Russia*, and those parts, is come for your Letters and Queries which you are to send thither.

Sir Nic. I'll wait on him. I keep a constant correspondence with all the *Virtuoso*'s in the North and North-East parts. There are rare Phænomena's in those Countrys. I am beholding to *Finland*, *Lapland*, and *Russia*, for a great part of my Philosophy. I send my Queries thither. Come, Sir *Formal*, will you help to dispatch him?

Sir Form. I am proud to serve you.

Sir Nic. Be pleas'd to take a turn in the Garden. When we have dispatch'd, we will impart more of our Microscopical investigations.

Bruce. Your humble Servant—— This is a happy deliverance.

[*Exeunt*

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[*Exeunt Sir* Form. *and Sir* Nic.

Longv. I have remov'd the Lady by writing to *Hazard*, to ſend for her, and keep her an hour or two.

Bruce. And I have ſent my man to find out Sir *Nicholas* his Strumpet, as ſoon as he has found her, ſhe'll ſend for him.

Longv. For all his Vertue and Philoſophy. This grave Fool will be in the faſhion too. Now if we can get rid of this wordy Fool Sir *Formal*, we have the Ladies to our ſelves. In the mean time, let's to our ſeveral and reſpective aſſignations.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Miranda *in the Garden.*

Mir. What ſhall I ſay to this *Bruce*? Oh unjuſt Cuſtom! that has made Women but paſſive in Love, as if Nature had intended us for Cyphers onely, to make up the number of the Creation.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Yonder's my *Clarinda*: Now Love inſpire me, I am infinitely tranſported with this honour you do me.

Mir. If I have done you any honor, pray make your beſt on't.

Bruce. Is it you, Madam? this honour was unexpected.

Mir. Why whom did you expect? O I ſee you are not ſo much tranſported as you thought you were.

Bruce. The honor of your Ladiſhips company I did not expect.

Mir. Nor much care for, I ſee.

Bruce. 'Twere Blaſphemy if I ſhould ſay ſo. 'Twas your Siſter I expected.

Mir. My Siſter! ſo, I am not fit for your company it ſeems.

Bruce. If I wou'd tell you how I prize the honour, I ſhou'd invade the intereſt of my Friend.

Mir. Your Friend! if you had no more intereſt in him, than I am reſolv'd he ſhall ever have in me: he'd be the worſt Friend you have.

Bruce. He's a Man of Honour, and of Wealth: and if any man cou'd deſerve you, he might.

Mir. The World is not ſo barren, but I have found a fitter man: but, Sir, 'twas not my Siſter; 'twas my Lady *Gimcrack* you hop'd to meet here. You are a Man of Honor. The Grotto is a fine Scene of Love. The Lady not very unwilling, 'twas well you were interrupted, Sir.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! how came ſhe to know that? but I muſt bear it out; I cannot gheſs your meaning: but I ſee you love your Siſter well, to be jealous of her.

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Mir. No, I assure you, I have no reason to be jealous for her: for to my knowledge, she has irrecoverably disposed of her heart in another place.

Bruce. What's that? What says she? She's certainly jealous for her self then. There must be something in this.

Mir. In what confusion am I? This can never end well. What! I see you are troubled that I have told you a Secret of my Sisters, and discover'd one of yours. Come, walk and consider on't.

Bruce. I am surpris'd so, I know not what to do in this exigence—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longvil *and* Clarinda.

Clar. You stare about like a Hare-finder: what's the matter?

Longv. Faith, Madam, I expected to have met your Sister here.

Clar. Say you so? the truth on't is, she desired me to take the trouble off her hands.

Longv. I am sorry, Madam, she thinks it so.

Clar. You see, Sir, I am content to suffer for her sake.

Longv. You have a mind to try me for your Sister, Madam.

Clar. No: I assure you, Sir, she's resolved never to make trial of you her self, nor by another.

Longv What can the meaning of this be?

Clar. Come, Sir, I will be a little plainer with you; She has dispos'd of her heart to another, without power of revocation.

Longv. Why wou'd she not meet me, to tell me so her self?

Clar. She thought me fitter for't: besides, perhaps this has given her an opportunity to see one she likes better.

Longv. I see, Madam, she has not the same kindness for you, to send you to one she likes so ill.

Clar. You do not know, but she may have taken as great a trouble off my hands, and kept me from one I like as ill, as she does you.

Longv. There's nothing but Riddle in Woman, they deceive as much with the Vizards of their mind, as they do with those of their faces ——

Clar. I discover Sir *Formal.* We must be private no longer. [*As they are going out.*

Enter Bruce *and* Miranda.

Longv. So *Bruce*, you are a happy man, I see.

Bruce. You are a pleasant one, I see: you and I must come to a clearing of this business.

Longv.

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Longv. Ladies, we have something to impart to you, but shall be hindered by this Coxcomb, Sir *Formal*.

Clar. We must have some consultations too with you. Sister, we'll catch him in a Trap——

Mir. Here's a Trap-door of a Vault, where my Uncle keeps his bottles of Air, which he weighs, of which you'll hear more anon. We'll snap him in that, and then we shall have the place to our selves.

Enter Sir Formal.

Clar. Let me alone, I'll catch him.

Sir Form. Gentlemen and Ladies, some affairs have engag'd my noble Friend, Sir *Nicholas* to borrow himself of you a while; and he has commanded me to pawn my person till he shall redeem it with his own ——

Mir. Very quaintly expres'd. We were just desiring your company.

Clar. And we were admiring this Talent of yours, your excellent manner of speaking; and I've engag'd to give you a Subject to shew your parts upon to these Gentlemen.

Sir Form. What ever is within the Sphere of my activity, you must command. I must confess, I have some felicity in speaking.

Mir. Dear Sister, give him a subject; you shall hear what Oracles hang on his lips. 'Tis all one what subject he speaks upon, great or little.

Sir Form. That it is, Madam; we Orators speak alike upon all Subjects——My speeches are all so subtilly design'd, that whatever I speak in praise of any thing, with very little alteration, will serve in praise of the contrary.

Clar. Let it be upon seeing a Mouse inclosed in a Trap.

Sir Form. 'Tis all one to me, I am ready to speak upon all occasions.

Clar. Stand there, Sir, while we place our selves on each side.

Sir Form. I kiss your hand, Madam. Now I am inspir'd with Eloquence. Hem! hem! Being one day, most noble Auditors, musing in my Study upon the too fleeting condition of poor humane kind, I observed, not far from the Scene of my Meditation, an excellent Machine, call'd a Mouse-trap (which my Man had plac'd there) which had included in it a solitary Mouse, which pensive Prisoner, in vain bewayling its own misfortunes, and the precipitation of its too unadvised attempt, still struggling

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for liberty againſt the too ſtubborn oppoſition of ſolid Wood, and more obdurate Wyer: at laſt, the pretty Malefactor having tir'd, alaſs, its too feeble limbs, till they became languid in fruitleſs endeavors for its excarceration. The pretty Felon, ſince it could not break Priſon, and its offence being beyond the benefit of the Clergy, could hope for no Bail, at laſt ſate ſtill penſively lamenting the ſeverity of its Fate, and the narrowneſs of its, alaſs! too withering durance: after I had contemplated a while upon the no little curioſity of the Engine, and the ſubtilty of its Inventor; I began to reflect upon the inticement which ſo fatally betray'd the uncautious Animal to its ſudden ruine, and found it to be the too, alaſs! ſpecious bait of *Cheſhire*-Cheeſe, which ſeems to be a great delicate to the pallat of this Animal, who in ſeeking to preſerve its life, O misfortune, took the certain means to death; and ſearching for its livelihood, had ſadly encounter'd its own deſtruction. Even ſo———

Clar. Now let the Trap go———

Sir Form. Even ſo, I ſay.

Clar. Even ſo, I ſay, I have catch'd the Orator———[*He ſinks.*

Sir Form. Help! help! murder! [*Below.*

Longv. Let the florid Fool lie there.

Mir. I warrant him.

Bruce. He uſes as many Tropes and Flouriſhes about a Mouſe-trap, as he would in praiſe of *Alexander*.

Enter Sir Samuel *in Womans habit.*

Sir Sam. This is the ſubt'leſt diſguiſe to make love in that e'r was invented; this has ſerv'd me upon many intrigues. Well, ſhe ſhall ſee, for all the ſufferings of this day, to the Tune of Kicking, Beating, Pumping, and Toſſing in a Blanket, and all that, that nothing ſhall hinder me in my Love. Shall Sir *Samuel* be frighted from an Intrigue? No!

Longv. Whom have we here.

Sir Sam. Ladies, I was commanded by my Lady *Pleaſant* to wait on you with choice of good things, which ſhe told me, you wou'd buy.

Mir. What's the meaning of this?

Clar. Since ſhe came from my Lady, we muſt ſee what ſhe would ſell.

Sir Sam. I have choice of good Gloves, Amber, Orangery, Genoa, Romane, Frangipand, Neroly, Tuberoſe, Jeſſimine, and Marſhal; all manner of Tires for the Head, Locks, Tours, Frowzes,

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Frowzes, and ſo forth; all manner of Waſhes, Almond-water, and Mercury-water for the Complexion; the beſt *Peter* and *Spaniſh* Paper that ever came over; the beſt Pomatums of *Europe*, but one rare, one made of a Lamb's Caul and May dew——— Alſo all manner of Confections of Mercury and Hogsbones, to preſerve preſent, and to reſtore loſt Beauty. If any out-does me in theſe buſineſſes, or have better Goods than I, I am the Son of a Tinder-box. O Devil! what did I ſay? I ſhall betray my ſelf———

Mir. How's this, the Son of a Tinder-box?

Sir Sam. Piſh! I mean the Daughter of a Tinder-box.

Bruce. This is the Raſcal Sir *Samuel* in diſguiſe.

Sir Sam. In the firſt place try a pair of Gloves, Madam, don't you know me?

Mir. How ſhou'd I know you?

Sir Sam. Let me tell you, Sir *Samuel*'s as true a Lover, as e'r wore a head.

Clar. What's the meaning of this private diſcourſe?

Sir Sam. Pox on her envy; ſhe's always for a Cup of Miſchief. I'll put this Note into a Glove, and that will do my buſineſs. Slap-daſh———as flat as a Flounder. I have no private buſineſs———Be pleas'd to try on this Glove, Madam. Do not you know me yet?———I am Sir *Samuel*.

Mir. What's this? a Note within it.

Sir Sam. Keep it to your ſelf.

Clar. What Note's that? from Sir *Samuel Hearty*? Oh Heav'n! this is a Bawd.

Longv. A down-right Bawd, and Bawd to that Raſcal.

Bruce. 'Sdeath! pull the Bawd in pieces.

Mir. Lay hold on the Bawd, we'll have her Carted. Seize her till Sir *Nicholas* comes in; we'll have her ſent to *Bridewel*, and ſoundly whipt there, and then Carted.

Sir Sam. So! this is a fine merry way of proceeding. I have made nimble work on't. Let me go, I am an honeſt Woman, and labour in my vocation. Let me go, or as I am an honeſt man, I'll ſue you about this buſines.

Longv. How's this? a Man! nay then I'll try a good kicking upon you.

Sir Sam. Hold! hold! What do you mean to beat a Woman? will you make me miſcarry? I am with child, and for ought I know, you have kill'd that within me.

Bruce.

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Bruce. You said, as you were an honest man.

Sir Sam. O Dunce that I am! That's a way I have of expressing my self. But I'll make you know I am a Woman.

Mir. It is my Fool Sir *Samuel*; prethee *Clarinda*, let's put him to Sir *Formal*, and secure him till my Uncle comes; it will make excellent sport.

Clar. Do you set him upon the Trap, it will do rarely.

Mir. One word with you. Come this way, Sir *Samuel*, I cannot tell you how much I am afflicted for your sufferings.

Sir Sam. Sha! it's no matter. Come it's well it's no worse.

Mir. Now *Clarinda*——— [*Sir* Sam. *sinks.*

Sir Sam. O murder, murder! Who's here? the Devil?

Clar. So, now we have the Garden to our selves. Let's walk, and consult about our affairs——— [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

Sir Formal *and Sir* Samuel *in the Vault.*

Sir Form. I Can no longer contain my self. This Lady, joyn'd with darkness and opportunity, the Midwife of Vice, as we may so say, has so inflam'd me, that I must farther attempt her chastity: I am confident she must be handsome, and no mean person, by her silken Garments. Madam, as I was saying, since we are unwittingly inclos'd in darkness, which yet cannot be so, since enlighten'd by the Rays of your Beauty.

Sir Sam. For all your Oratory about this business, I cannot see my hand, it is so dark.

Sir Form. Ah, Madam! the bright enlightner of the day, by which all Creatures see, is yet it self depriv'd of vision.

Sir Sam. Pox o'this damn'd Rhetorick! what will become of me? I must either discover my self, which I wou'd not for the world, or be sent to *Bridewel*, and be whipt with a *Certiorari*; and yet me-thinks I have no need on't, for I have been very plentifully kickt and beaten about this business to day already———

Sir Form. Let me be reveng'd on this fair Enemy, the prettiest, softest, and dissolving hand I ever had the honour to im-

print

print my kisses on; she has inflam'd me mightily: I'll try her this way. Do me the honour to accept of this Purse, and the contents thereof.

Sir Sam. I'll take the Rogues Purse, what e'r come on't.

Sir Form. Sweet Lady, let's make our condition as happy as in us lies.

Sir Sam. Nay, good Sir! O Lord, Sir, what de'e mean? fie, Sir.

Sir Form. Let me approach the honour of your lip, far sweeter than the Phœnix Nest, and all the spicy Treasures of *Arabia*.

Sir Sam. 'Tis your goodness, Sir, but pray forbear———

Sir Form. Nay strive not, upon my sincerity I will.

Sir Sam. Nay, good Sir, be not uncivil, I am no such person. Nay pish! I never saw the like; you are the strangest man. Well, take it then. I vow you make me blush If I were not in apparent danger of being whipt damnably, and missing my masquerade, I cou'd be merry with this Fool.

Sir Form. The sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon thy lips! Not all the fragrant bosome of the Spring affords such ravishing perfumes.

Sir Sam. O Lord, Sir! you are pleas'd to complement! Ah, lying Rogue, my breath smells of Tobacco.

Sir Form. Our time may be but short, pardon the unbecoming roughness which my passion prompts me to. Come, my dear *Cloris*.

Sir Sam. Lord, what a pretty name is that! I was ne'r call'd *Cloris* before.

Sir Form. Come, my dear Nimph, let us be more familiare the solitary darkness of the place invites us to Love's silent pleasures. Now, dearest *Cloris*, let us tast those sweets ——

Sir Sam. Nay pish! fie! Lord! what do you mean? what wou'd you be at? Keep off. I protest I'll call out. Nay pish! never stir I will.

Sir Form. Thou hast provok'd my gentle spirit so, it is become furious, and it is decreed I must enjoy thy lovely body.———

Sir Sam. Out upon you! my body, I defie you; I am an honest woman, I scorn your words. I will call out for some body to protect my honour.

Sir Form. Your Honnor cannot suffer; none can see us; and who will declare it?

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Sir Sam. Out upon you! get you gone, you Swine. I will not ſuffer in my honor, I am virtuous. Help! help! a Rape! a Rape! help! help.

Sir Form. Be not obſtreperous, none can hear you. You have provok'd me contrary to my gentle temper, even to a Rape. Come, I will, I muſt, i'faith I muſt.

Sir Sam. 'Sdeath! the Rogue begins to pry into the difference of Sexes, and will diſcover mine——I muſt try my ſtrength with him. Out luſtful *Tarquin*! you libidinous Goat, have at you.

Sir Sam. *beats Sir* Form. *kicks him and flings him down.*

Sir Form. Help! help! murder! murder!

Sir Sam. Be not obſtreperous, none can hear you.

Sir Form. Upon my verity I think this be an *Amazon*! Well, I can bear this; but——

Sir Sam. Do you again attempt my Honour? I'll maul you, you laſcivious Villain.

Sir Form. Hold! hold! I beſeech you; I humbly reſt contented, I acquieſce.

Sir Sam. Get you from me, luſtful Swine——Be gone——

Sir Form. I go, Madam: But I know not whether this Vault doth terminate here, or whether it doth iſſue farther.

[*They retire.*

SCENE, a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Snarl *and Mrs.* Figgup.

Snarl. Come, now we are ſafe in this hold, none will interrupt us in our great deſign. Ah pox o'theſe wicked *Hectors*, vicious impudent Rogues! a Man cannot retire with a Lady for his private ſatisfaction, but theſe ranting Rogues muſt roar and interrupt us; 'tis a very impudent vicious Age in ſadneſs.

Fig. But my Dear, if any body elſe ſhould have a Key to this Room (as I know they have) thongh I dare not tell him, it is a common Scene of Lovematters.

Snarl. Fear not, the Land-lady tells me, no body has a Key but my ſelf. I have agreed to give her a Guinney a week for theſe private occaſions. In ſadneſs 'tis a fine place: Here a man may bring a Lady, and even none of the houſe obſerve it. There is not ſuch a convenience in all the *Pall-mall* for theſe occaſions, though ſome there are, much given to ſuch diverſions.

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ſions. How glad am I to have thee here, poor Pigſnie———

Fig. Ah Lord! there's ſome body at the door———

Snarl. In ſadneſs there is. There's one with a Key too. In into the Wood-hole quickly, or we ſhall be diſcover'd——quick, quick———

Enter Hazard *and Lady* Gimcrack.

Haz. Come, my Dear Lady, now we are ſafe from interption; how happy am I in your favours?

L. Gim. Ah! ſo you ſay; but if ever I hear of your inconſtancy, you ſhall be no longer happy, as you call it: I cannot ſuffer a Rival.

Haz. Nothing ſhall e'r divert me from the happineſs I enjoy in you; nor am I leſs impatient of a Rival than you are. I am ſo covetous of you, that the thought of your Husband keeps me ſtill inquiet.

L. Gim. Fear not a Husband. Husbands are ſuch phlegmatick indifferent Rivals, they ne'r can hurt the Gallants; they poor eaſie Souls, do every thing as if they did it not.

Haz. *They do but court and keep a pother,*
To make one Gameſome for another.

L. Gim. You are in the right.

Haz. Nay, I think a Husband is very inſipid fooliſh Animal, and is growing out of faſhion.

L. Gim. We ſhall begin to lay 'em by. Husbands will be left off, as Gentlemen Uſhers are: indeed they are more unneceſſary Inſtruments, than thoſe formal ſpindle-ſhankt finical Fools, with Noſe-gays and white Gloves were.

Haz. Thoſe, though they cou'd do no ſervice themſelves, wou'd make way for them that cou'd; but a Husband is a Clog, a Dog in a Manger, a Miſer, that hords up Gold from others, and will not make uſe on't himſelf———

L. Gim. Nay, a thouſand times worſe; a Miſer wou'd keep to himſelf what he loves, and a Husband what he does not care for. Out on him. A Husband's an Inſect, a Drone, a Dormouſe———

Haz. A fooliſh Matrimonial Lump———

L. Gim. A Cuckoo in Winter———

Haz. An Opiat for Love———

L. Gim. A Body without a Soul———

Haz. A Chip in Porredge.———

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L. Gim. A White of an Egg———

Haz. All Flegm, and no Choller———

L. Gim. A Drudge———

Haz. An Excuſe———

L. Gim. A neceſſary thing——

Haz. A Cloak at a pinch———

L. Gim. A pitiful Utenſil———

Haz. Good for nothing, but to cover ſhame, pay Debts, and own Children for his Wife.

L. Gim. In ſhort, a Husband is a Husband, and there's an end of him; but a Lover is ——

Haz. Not to be expreſs'd but in action. I'll ſhew you what a Lover is with a vengeance, Madam. Come on. 'Sdeath! there's a Key in the doot.

L. Gim. What ſhall we do?

Haz. Run into the Wood-hole quickly; I'll bear the brunt, and I may perhaps make a diſcovery into the bargain———

[*She goes in.*

Enter Sir Nicholas *and Mrs.* Flirt.

Sir Nic. Come, Deareſt, the Land-lady is not at home, or we wou'd have a Collation here.

Flirt. O Heav'n! who's this, *Hazard*?

Haz. 'Sdeath, Sir! How dare you invade my room?

L. Gim. Oh! who's here? the Devil, the Devil———

Enter Lady Gimcrack.

Oh Heav'n! who's this? my Husband with a Whore!

Sir Nic. Death and Hell! my Wife with a Hectorly Fellow here! Oh my diſgrace.

L. Gim. Oh vile falſe Man! thy falſhood I have long ſuſpected; now this happy opportunity has diſcover'd all.

Sir Nic. What means her impudence?

L. Gim. Was I not ſufficient for thee, vile Man, but thou muſt thus betray me? I cannot look on thee with patience. I ſhall faint! I ſhall faint! Oh! Oh!

Haz. Help, help the Lady.

Sir Nic. Hang the Lady. Oh Woman-kind! what artifice is this? I was inform'd by this Lady I ſhou'd find you here; I wonder not at your diſorder upon this unexpected ſurpriſe. O vile treacherous Woman!

L. Gim.

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L. Gim. Take him from my ſight, I ſhall die elſe. Have I been always your obedient, vertuous Wife, and am I thus requited? Heav'n ſent this honourable Gentleman to aſſiſt me in the diſcovery, who on purpoſe got a Key to this Room, it ſeems the filthy Scene of all thy luſt and baſeneſs. Be gone——thou infamous Wretch, I am not able to ſupport the ſight of thee——

Sir Nic. Lewd Woman! thou abſtract of impudence and falſhood! tremble at my revenge. Have I at length found out your baſe laſcivious haunt.

L. Gim. O inſufferable! do you add to all your barbarous injuries this of aſperſing my innocence?

Flirt. (*to Haz.*) Falſe man? did I for this give my affection to thee? and can'ſt thou think I'll bear this unreveng'd?

Haz. (*aſide*) 'Sdeath! this Wench will undo me with my Lady.

L. Gim. What do I hear? is he falſe too? then my misfortunes are compleat. Baſe vile ungrateful Fellow; is this your conſtancy and gratitude to me? [*To Haz.*

Haz. Madam, this is a Lady of a great Eſtate, whom I ſhou'd have marri'd; and this accident, I fear, has ruin'd all my Fortune.

Sir Nic: (*to Flirt.*) Has my kindneſs deſerv'd this? is this your Gallant too? Oh this Villain has made me doubly a Cuckold.

Flirt. (*to Sir Nic.* Do not miſtake me; this Fellow took me for a great Fortune, and ſhou'd have marri'd me. Are you conſulting for my ruine? [*To them.*

L. Gim. (*to Haz.*) This is a flam, I'll not believe it. This Strumpet has doubly betray'd me. Lewd Creature, firſt I'll take revenge on thee.

Flirt. (*to L. Gim.*) I thought I ſhould at laſt find out the cauſe of my misfortune.

(*To Haz.*) You are like to make a good Husband, that can make ſo ill a Lover.

Haz. After I have heard all your accuſation, which is falſe, let me tell you, I have been informed of your frequent coming hither with Sir *Nicholas*, and was reſolv'd at once to be reveng'd of him and you, by bringing my Lady hither to diſcover both.

Flirt. O inſolence! I never ſaw the place before.

Sir

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Sir Nic. I am too well satisfied of her falshood, and though it be something below a Philosopher to draw a Sword, yet to punish her I will.

Haz. Hold, Sir, first you must try with me.

Sir Nic. What are you, her Stallion, and her Bravo too?

L. Gim. Was ever Woman yet so miserable, to be betray'd, by one whom she has lov'd so much better than her life? she wou'd have laid it down to have done him any kindness: and yet to perfect all his cruelty, he blots my reputation. And since the only treasure of my life is gone, pray take that too. Do not resist him; let him pierce this breast, that ne'r bore any Image but his own. Come on then, cruel man.

Sir Nic. What can this mean?

Flirt. (*to Sir Nic.*) For Heav'ns sake do not betray me to him; if I be not clear'd in this I am undone.

Haz. Now hear me Sir: This Lady, on my honour, Sir, is free from all blemish, I believe even in thought. But I being inform'd you use to come with that Lady to this House, of ill reputation, in anger to you both betray'd you to my Lady: I dogg'd her Messenger from her Lodging to you, and immediately gave notice to my Lady; and in all hast we came——

Sir Nic. Indeed I have been acquainted with this Lady, being a *Virtuosa*, upon Philosophical matters, but never saw her here, till we now came for this discovery. She inform'd me, she saw you two come hither, and my Wife being gone out before me, and alone, gave me more suspicion.

Fliat. I having seen you privately talking with my Lady in the Mall, suspected you; and to revenge my self on her and you, I sent for him, and we have dogg'd you hither.

Sir Nic. But why was she hidden to avoid my sight, if she came for a discovery?

Haz. She thought to have discover'd more by being unseen, and over-hearing your discourse.

L. *Gim.* Now see, injurious man, how you have wrong'd me.

Sir Nic. (*to himself*) Though I hope I have deceiv'd her with a lie, yet what she says looks like truth.

(*To her*) It must be so. Come, no more; I will believe you true, and so am I.

Flirt. Though this sham passes upon him, I know too well you are guilty, good Mr. *Hazard*, and I hate you for't.

Haz.

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Haz. Prethee hold thy peace, I am kept by her, as I know ou are by him —— I am kept, I——

Sir Nic. Heav'n knows I am true.

L. Gim. And Heav'n can witneſs for my innocence.

Haz. I am glad that all things are thus happily clear'd.

Sir Nic. But what was it frighted you within, my Dear?

L. Gim. There is ſome body in the Wood-hole.

Haz. Now all's over, I'll ſee who it is. Come out here. What's here? a Woman—— [*Pulls out* Fig.

L. Gim. A ſhame on her; how ſneakingly ſhe looks? This is ſome Strumpet I warrant you. Oh! Foh! how I hate ſuch Cattle! Heav'n grant ſhe did not hear me and *Hazard.*

Haz. Here's a Man too. Come out of your hole. Mr. *Snarl* is it you? [*Pulls him out by the heels.*

Sir Nic. Is this the fruit of your virtue, and declaiming againſt the vice of the Age?

L. Gim. Heav'n! if he over-heard me, I am ruin'd eternally. I'll try him. We met all here upon a miſtake, which is now happily rectifi'd. But 'tis too apparent, Uncle, you came for wickedneſs and abomination.

Fig. I ſcorn your words, Madam, I am civil and virtuous.

Snarl. Ay in ſadneſs are we; our intentions were honourable. I meet this Lady upon a virtuous account, by the Maſs. I love and honour her in a civil way, and ſcorn your filthy laſcivious Beaſts of this Age.

Sir Nic. Remember, Sir, I have you on the hip; no more will I endure your frumps and taunts about my Philoſophy, and the noble exerciſe of my parts.

Snarl. Nephew, let me tell you, you are an Aſs in ſadneſs, and I will make you know this Lady is virtuous, yes, as virtuous as your Ladiſhip; and I will defend her honour with my Sword by the Maſs; and he that dares be ſo preſumptous to contradict it, let him draw. [*he draws.*

Sir Nic. Gad forgive me, what means he?

Haz. No, none are ſo much concern'd at it.—But what are theſe Rods which I drew out with you? what do they mean?

Snarl. O Devil—I ſhall be betray'd. Ha! Rods! what a pox know I what they are? I believe the Miſtris of the Houſe is a School-Miſtris.

Haz. Yes, ſhe keeps a very virtuous School, for the diſciplining of hopeful towardly old Gentlemen. *Fig.*

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Fig. Now my honour's clear. Let's go, Sir. Beſides, here's that baſe Creature *Flirt*; I cannot abide the ſight of her, ſince ſhe diſcommended thee, my Dear.

Snarl. Come, Madam——In ſadneſs this is very fine. Two civil perſons cannot meet privately in an affectionate way, but ſuch as you muſt cenſure them. But I will make you know this Lady is honourable; I will, in ſadneſs, and ſo fare you well.

[*Ex.* Snarl *and* Fig.

Sir Nic. Come, my Dear, now let's go home: do not grieve at my unhappy jealouſie, ſince my belief of thy dear Truth is more confirm'd by it——Come, my Dear —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longvil, Bruce, Miranda, *and* Clarinda.

Mir. Come, to divert this inſipid talk of Love, a Theme ſo thred-bare, no man can ſpeak new ſenſe upon it: My Maid ſhall ſing you a new Song ſhe learnt the other day.

Clar. You muſt expect much Wit in it: for Poets are grown ſuch good Husbands, they'll lay out none upon a Song.

Mir. All we muſt look for, is ſmooth Verſe, and a good Tune.

Clar. And how a good Tune, and tinckling Rhime attones for nonſenſe, the Songſters and Heroicks of the time may ſufficiently convince you.

Mir. They make nonſence go down as glib without taſting, as a ſeditious Lie is ſwallow'd in a City Coffee houſe, or Common-wealth Club, without examination.

Clar. But now let's hear it ——

SONG.

How wretched is the Slave to Love,
Who can no real pleaſures prove;
For ſtill they're mixt with pain:
When not obtain'd, reſtleſs is the deſire.
Enjoyment puts out all the fire,
And ſhows the Love was vain.

It wanders to another ſoon,
Wanes and Encreaſes like the Moon,
And like her never reſts:
Brings Tides of Pleaſure now, and then of Tears;
Makes Ebbs and Flows of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wavering breaſts.

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But ſpight of Love I will be free,
And triumph in the liberty:
I without him enjoy.
I'th' worſt of Priſons I'll my Body bind,
Rather than Chain my free-born mind.
For ſuch a fooliſh Toy.

Longv. 'Tis very well, Madam.

Bruce. But to us there is no Muſick like Love, or Harmony like the conſent of Lover's hearts.

Mir. But as Muſick is improv'd by practiſe, Love decays by it, and therefore I ſcarce dare talk on't.

Clar. Let what harmony ſoever be between Lovers at firſt, in a ſhort time it turns to ſcurvy jangling; and therefore can you blame us if we divert ſo dangerous a thing any way—

Longv. I confeſs it may come to diſcord, but 'tis as in Muſick, if it be made good, it makes the following concord better.

Bruce. If they play upon one another, till they are out of Tune, they muſt needs jangle.

Longv. In that caſe they muſt lay by, and tune again, and then ſtrike up afreſh.

Mir. That Simile, will never hold; for when Love grows once out of Tune, they may ſcew and keep a coil, but 'twill never ſtand in Tune again.

Clar. 'Tis moſt certain: when Love comes once to bend, it breaks preſently.

Bruce. But perhaps it may be ſet again like a broken Limb, and be the ſtronger for't.

Mir. No: when Love breaks, 'tis into ſo many ſplinters, 'tis never to be ſet again.

Enter Maid to Miranda.

Maid. Shift for your ſelves, Sir *Nicholas* and my Lady are both return'd home again.

Clar. O miſchievous ill fortune.

Mir. Unlucky accident.

Clar. I muſt look after Sir *Formal.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Longv. Their carriage, ſince their croſs appointment in the Garden, has too evidently declar'd their intentions. We have miſtaken, I ſee, if we deſign to ſucceed, we muſt change Miſtreſſes.

Bruce. 'Tis too evident, we have plac'd our Loves wrong.

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They are handsome, rich, and honest, three qualities that seldome meet in Women.

Longv. 'Tis true, and since 'twill be necessary, after all our Rambles, to fix our unsetled lives, to be grave, formal, very wise, and serve our Countrey, and propagate our species; Let us think on't here.

Bruce. Let us walk and consult about this weighty affair.

Exeunt Bruce *and* Longv.

Enter Sir Nicholas, *Lady* Gimcrack, Clarinda, Miranda.

Sir Nich. A Woman with a Letter, a Tire-Woman too! are they all Bawds? Their very Art of washing and adorning Women is implicite Bawding, but this is down-right explicite Bawdery.

Mir. Good Sir, let her be made an Example to all vile Women.

Clar. We have secur'd her in the Vault here.

Sir Nic. You have done well, she shall be brought to condign punishment.

Mir. But we can tell you yet a stranger thing; Sir *Formal* is privately shut up with this lewd Woman, and has been this hour.

Clar. 'Tis very true; what his intentions are, I know not, but tis a very scandalous thing.

Sir Nic. *O Monstrum horrendum!* Is my Friend, that seeming vertuous man, faln into the snare?

L. Gim. O Virtue, whither art thou fled? my House is dishonoured, abus'd! I am ready to faint when I hear of lewdness. My Dear, do not endure it; I shall never endure my House again; let it with all speed, and let's remove.

Sir Nic. Prethee, Dear, be pacifi'd.

L. Gim. Oh I cannot be pacifi'd: my blood rises when I hear of lewd whoring Fellows; I wou'd have 'em all hang'd.

Mir. Excellent Hypocrite!

Sir Nic. Well, Heav'n be prais'd, I am the happiest Man in a Wife. I will rebuke him: but for the Bawd, I'll have a Warrant from the next Justice; I will have her Whipt and Carted. Come, bring 'em out here.

[*Servants bring in Sir* Formal *and Sir* Samuel.

Truly Sir *Formal*, I am much asham'd, to find a Virtuoso in such a posture with a lewd woman.

Sir

Sir Form. Why, Sir, upon my ſincerity.

L. Gim. Out upon you, have you the face to ſpeak in your own defence, or in defence of this odious Vice? Out on't! you think to bring all off with your Eloquence; but I'll not hear it: You have defil'd my houſe, and committed lewdneſs within the walls.

Sir Form. Why, Ladies, you know——

Mir. What, you are angry we have diſcover'd you.

Clar. Would you have had us keep your pernicious counſel? had that been becoming our virtue?

Sir Form. Why, Sir *Nicholas*, I profeſs——

L. Gim. I cannot ſuffer it. 'Tis fit ſuch Hypocrites ſhould be puniſh'd. Is this your Virtue? your ſereneneſs of mind? and are all your Flowers of Rhetorick come to this?

Sir Nic. I know not what to ſay in your excuſe, to retire with ſuch a lewd Creature. I did not think you cou'd have faln into ſo ſhameful a ſcandal. I am ſorry, ſince 'twill be a reproach to all Virtuoſo's.

Sir Form. By my Integrity.

L. Gim. You are a man of integrity, to meet privately with a filthy Creature, a Bawd! an ugly Bawd too!

Sir Sam. I ſcorn your words; neither a Bawd, nor ugly, neither by your leave—Ugly, and Bawd, quoth ſhe?

Sir Form. Can I not be heard? ſhall Oratory have no place?

L. Gim. You think to bewitch us with your Oratory, but 'tis too apparent; you have diſhonour'd my houſe.

Sir Form. Here are ſome Phænomena's of ſcandal, but I will diſſolve all in a *punctum* of time.

Both ſpeak together. { *L. Gim.* I will never endure you, you ſhall ſolve none of your Phænomena's here more. *Sir Form.* 'Tis true, I confeſs I was found here privately with this Woman, but no leſs true——

Sir Nic. Pray let me hear him ſpeak——

Sir Form. My Oratory was never ſlighted before; when did I open my mouth in vain before? I confeſs——

Mir. Why look you, Sir, he confeſſes it; what wou'd you have?

Clar. Will you not believe us, he has been privately with her this hour?

Sir Nic. I ſay, Peace; I will hear him.

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Sir Form. I confess to you all———

Mir. D'you see again? he confesses to us all———

Enter Snarl

Sir Form. Now my shame comes upon me.

Snarl. What! is my florid Fool catch'd with a Whore? an ugly Whore? does your noble Soul operate clearly without the clog of your sordid humane Body now? you are a fine formal Hypocrite, in sadness; by the Mass it's a fine world we live in.

Sir Nic. I am confident my Friend is innocent.

Sir Sam. He innocent? hang him, he wou'd have ravish'd me, if I had not been stronger than he, and beaten him soundly: my Honour had suffer'd upon that business ——

Sir Form. O Tempora! O Mores! but I doubt not but I shall shine clearer after this Eclipse; I will bear these wrongs with a serene temper of mind.

Snarl. Hang you! never trust your Orator, in sadness they will all lie like Dogs: by the Mass I would go fifty miles to see an Orator hang'd. Orators are Rogues, the very grievances of the Nation, always putting in an Oar, and prating and disturbing the business of the Nation, with their foolish Tropes, and care not which way matters go so they may shew their parts.

Sir Nic. I do believe you, Sir *Formal*. You young Sluts; will you never leave?

Mir. Will you not take the Womans word?

Sir Nic. What a Bawd's word! she suffer in her honour one that brought a Letter to you———

Sir Sam. A Bawd! I scorn your words; I brought a Letter from a Gentleman that makes honorable Love, and wou'd marry her.

Snarl. A Match-maker! that's worst of all.

Sir Nic. Your Marriage-Bawd, your Canonical-Bawd is worst of all; they betray people for their lives-time. Here, carry her, and lock her up in the green-room; I'll maul your Bawdship.

Sir Sam. Oh Heav'n! I shall be whipt, nay, which is ten times worse, I shall disappoint the Town, and have no Masquerade to night. But I'll bayl my self with Money, if it be possible——

Mir. Courage! my Sister brought this upon you but I'll redeem all.

Sir,

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Sir Sam. Nay, if I ſucceed in my love, I care not if I be beaten, kickt, and whipt, as if Heav'n and Earth wou'd come together.

L. Gim. Come, I'll ſee her lockt up ſafe my ſelf; filthy Creature! [*Exit* L. Gim.

Clar. Not a word more o'this buſineſs. I could not forbear the trick; but you will find me more favourable.

Sir Form. I ſhall be content to ſuffer any thing for your ſweet ſake. ——— [*Exit* Clar. *and* Mir.

Enter Longvil *and* Bruce.

Snarl. If you had come ſooner, you might ha'taken this Orator, this flaſhy Fellow, with a Whore, in ſadneſs, a foul deformed Strumpet ———

Sir Form. Upon my honour, Gentlemen, I am wrong'd; but he was taken with a Lady, and Rods too, in *German-ſtreet*, about an hour ſince.

Longv. What, this virtuous Gentleman of the laſt Age?

Bruce. One that ſo juſtly reproaches the Vices of this? It cannot be.

Snarl. Oh Dog! Rogue! Nephew, I'll be reveng'd. No, it cannot be, it is not. The Orator's a Son of a Whore, and my Nephew a fooliſh Raſcally Philoſopher, one good for nothing but an empty noiſe of florid words, without ſenſe; in ſadneſs. And the other good for nothing but uſeleſs Experiments upon Flies, Maggots, Eels in Vinegar, and the Blue upon Plumbs, which he finds to be living Creatures: but all the world will find him an Aſs, and ſo I leave him. and all of yee, with a pox t'yee. But in ſadneſs, Orator, I will bear thee mightily. I with a Whore? I ſcorn your words by the Maſs.

Exit Snarl.

Sir Nic. I know he's in a rage, but 'tis true; Sir *Formal*, we'll no more endure his taunts. But now he talks of Eels, I'll ſhew you millions in a Sawcer of Vinegar; they reſemble other Eels, ſave in their motion, which in others is ſide-ways, but in them upwards and downwards, thus, and very ſlow.

Longv. We have heard of theſe, Sir, often.

Sir Nic. Another difference is, theſe have ſharp ſtings in their tails. By the way, the ſharpeſt Vinegar is moſt full of 'em.

Bruce. Then certainly the ſharpneſs, or biting of Vinegar, proceeds from thoſe ſtings, ſtriking upon the Tongue.

Sir

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Sir Nic. I see you are a most admirable observer: it must needs be so. So, this is a rare Phænomenon solv'd by the by. (*aside.*) I have often concluded that before——— The whole Air is full of living Creatures, a thousand times less visible than those living Creatures, mistaken for Motes in the Sun; I know most of 'em distinctly by my Glasses.

Sir Form. Talk of use. These are the Mysteries of Natures Closet.

Bruce. This foolish Virtuoso does not consider, that one Brick-layer is worth forty Philosophers.

Sir Nic. Then for the Blue upon Plumbs, it is nothing but many living Creatures. I have observ'd upon a Wall-plum (with my most exquisite Glasses, which cost me several thousands of pounds) at first beginning to turn blue, it comes first to Fluidity, then to Orbiculation, then Fixation, so to Angulization, then Christallization, from thence to Germination or Ebullition, then Vegetation, then Plantananimation, perfect Animation, Sensation, Local Motion, and the like———

Enter Servant to Sir Nicholas.

Serv. Sir, there are a great number of sick men waiting in the Hall for your Worship, and desire to be dispatch'd.

[*Exit.*

Sir Nic. Now, Gentlemen, you shall see my method of practise. Sir *Formal*, will you go and rank 'em?

Sir Form. I obey in my wonted Office. Gentlemen, I humbly kiss your hands. [*Exit Sir* Formal.

Sir Nic. He ranks the diseas'd people in their several Classes, Formes, or Orders of Diseases. To save trouble, you shall see all.

Servant returns.

Serv Sir, the Constable is come with a Warrant to carry the Bawd away.

Sir Nic. Come, we will deliver the Bawd into their Clutches, and when I have administred to my sick, we'll take the air. By the way, Gentlemen, what Countrey air do you like best?

Bruce. Why we cannot travel far for't this evening.

Sir Nic. Travel! I thought I should have you. Why I never travel, I take it in a close chamber.

Longv.

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Longv. Why you can take but one kind of nasty smoaky air in a Chamber.

Sir Nic. There's your Mistake. Chuse your Air, you shall have it in my Chamber; *Newmarket*, *Banstead-down*, *Wiltshire*, *Bury*-air, *Norwich*-air; what you will.

Bruce. Would a man think it possible for a Virtuoso to arrive at this extravagance?

Longv. Yes, I assure you; it is beyond the wit of man to invent such extravagant things for them, as their folly finds out for themselves. Is it possible to take all these several Countrey Airs in your Chamber?

Sir Nic. I knew you were to seek. I employ men all over *England*, Factors for Air, who bottle up Air, and weigh it in all places, sealing the Bottles Hermetically: they send me Loads from all places. That Vault is full of Countrey-air.

Bruce. To weigh Air, and send it to you!

Sir Nic. O yes, I have sent one to weigh Air at the Picque of *Teneriff*, that's the lightest Air. I shall have a considerable Cargo of that Air. *Sheerness* and the Isle of *Dogs* Air is the heaviest. Now if I have a mind to take Countrey Air, I send for, may be, forty Gallons of *Bury* Air, shut all my windows and doors close, and let it fly in my Chamber.

Bruce. This is a most admirable invention.

Longv. But to what purpose do you weigh Air?

Sir Nic. That I shall tell you as we are taking it. Now let's see this Bawd dispos'd of: every thing in its order. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Samuel *in the Chamber solus.*

Sir Sam. How long shall I expect my fate? Well! there never was such a Martyr in Love, to be kickt, beaten, pump'd, toss'd in a blanket about bus'ness, and now in danger of being whipt with a slap-dash. But she loves me! come, 'ts well 'tis no worse! but to miss my Masquerade, that's the sum of all: but I'll bribe my Justice and escape. 'Tis a Trade; some of the Justices are liker Malefactors than Magistrates: but 'twill cost me a plaguy deal, for this damn'd Vertuoso will prosecute furiously. Ha! what's here, a Rope? I am deliver'd as *Rabby Busie* was by Miracle. I'll slide down from the window into the garden. The back-door's open: so I save my money *ipso facto*, and go to my Ball; and, *Whip stick, your Nose in my Breech*, Sir *Nicholas*. I'll leave my Cloaths behind me.

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me. Though I am Bawd above, I am Sir *Samuel* underneath. So Tyre-woman, lie thou there, and away Knight. 'Tis well 'tis no worse——— *Ex Sir* Sam.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Longv. Bruce, L. G. Clar. Mir. *Servants, Constables, Officers.*

Sir Nic. Come! where is this Bawd? now we shall make her an example. Here! where are you? Ha! here's no body.

L. G. I am sure I saw her lockt in.

Serv. The door was lockt, when we came in: here are her Cloaths too.

Longv. The Rogue has stript himself, and has escap'd naked.

L. G. O Heav'n! this must be the Devil: the House is haunted.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. I have set all the sick men in order, and they wait for your prescription.

Mir. O Sir *Formal*, your Mistris is flown, and has left her case behind her.

L. G. The doors are fast, and she is flown out of the Chimney: have a care, Sir *Formal*, if you were naught with her, you will be torn in pieces.

Sir Form. Not I upon my sincerity.

Sir Nic. It was undoubtedly a Spirit. I could have told you that before, but I was afraid I shou'd fright you all.

Bruce. How, Sir! was it a Spirit say you?

Sir Nic. You must know, Sir, I am much skilled in *Rosa-crucian* Learning. I am one of the *Vere adepti*, as simple as I stand here. I discover'd it by my sight, having familiar Conversation with Spirits.

Clar. O the subtilty of this *Vertuosa*. This notable Spirit Sir *Samuel* makes a ball to night; we will steal out one way or other.

Bruce. You'll remember the Masquerade Ladies.

Mir. Yes, yes! we will see the Spirit.

L. G. I see your cross Love, and will plague ye, ye young Sluts, for it.

Sir Nic. You converse with a great many people which you take to be men and women; but we *Rosa-crucians* know 'em to be Spirits. Now let us go to my sick people, and administer [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE, is the Court-yard full of ſeveral Lame and Sick people.

Enter Sir Nicholas, *Sir* Formal, Longvil, *and* Bruce.

Sick peo. Heav'n bleſs your Worſhip.

Sir Nic. Come, Gentlemen, you muſt know I have ſtudi'd all manner of Caſes, and have Bills ready written for all Diſeaſes; that's my way, I give 'em advice for nothing.

Sir Form. Not more reſorted to the Temple of *Æſculapius*; I am ſure not ſo many found relief, as from my Noble Friend: You have reaſon, good languiſhing people, to be Trumpeters to his Illuſtrious Fame, whoſe indefatigable care, for the good of feeble and diſtreſs'd Mankind, with his tranſcendent skill, each day cures even incurable diſeaſes.

Long. Your Orators are very ſubject to that Figure in Speech, call'd a *Bull.*

Sir. Nic. I ſtill adminiſter'd to the incurable in *Italy*, and never fail'd of ſucceſs. Here are my Bills. Where is the Roll? call it over.

Sir Form. Gout.

2 *Gout.* Here——— [*halting.*]

Sir Nic. There's a Bill for you two, take it betwixt you.

Sir Form. Stone.

2 *Stone.* Here, Sir.

Sir Nic. There's one for you two.

Sir Form. Scurvy.

4 *Scurv.* Here, Sir.

Sir Nic. There's a Bill for you four.

Serv. Go, paſs by as you are ſerv'd.

Sir Form. Conſumption.

2 *Conſum.* Here.

Sir Nic. Take your Bill.

Sir Form. Dropſie.

2 *Dropſ.* Here, Sir.

Sir Nic. There's for you two.

Sir Form. There is a Mad-man I have ſet by for tranſfuſion of blood.

Sir Nic. That's well. The truth on't is, we ſhall never get any but Mad-men, for that Operation. But proceed.

Sir Form. Theſe are the laſt, but not the leaſt, Pox.

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Enter a great number of Men and Women.

All. Here, here, here——

Sir. Nich. There are three or four Bills for you, you are so many.

All. Heav'n bless your Worship—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V.

Enter Sir Formal *and* Clarinda.

Sir. Form. HOw long shall I languish in expectation of your noble favour, for the enjoyment of which, my desires are as great, as my deserts are little?

Clar. Truly, Sir *Formal*, I am so sensible of your service, and so troubled with my confinement under my Uncle, that at length I have determin'd by you, to free my self from him.

Sir Form. Hold, Madam, I am too suddenly blest, I am all Rapture, all Extasie, my Soul, methinks, is fled from its corporeal clog, and I am all unbodi'd, Divinest Lady. Let me kneel and adore that hand, that snowy hand, to which the Snow it self is tann'd and Sun-burnt.

Clar. Not too much of this: but in short, conduct my Sisters and me out of these doors to the Masquerade; for we cannot get out without your authority with the Porter, and after you have return'd to my Uncle sometime; procure the habit of *Scaramoncha*, that I may know you, and come to us, and you shall absolutely dispose of me.

Sir Form. Madam, I'll flie; nay, out-fly Sir *Nicholas* himself, to do you service, or any *Vertuoso* in *England*. But how shall I know you? you'll be disguis'd.

Clar. I'll find you out; besides, you know this Ring and Bracelet. We must have our Maids with us, for we'll not return. Let's find my sister, and about it instantly.

Sir Form. I am all obedience. I should not envy now an Universal Monarch—I hear my Ladies voice—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Nicholas, Longvil, *and Servant to Sir* Nicholas.

Serv. Mr. *Bruce* is coming to wait on you.

Enter.

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Enter Bruce.

Sir. Nic. Sir, your Servant. Now open the Bottles, and let the Air flie; Gentlemen, be ready to ſnuff it up. O this *Bury*-Air is delicate, 'tis delicious; O very refreſhing.

Bruce. O admirable——who would go to *Bury* to take it?

Sir Nic. Not I, 'tis much the better here; it takes ſo much the freſher for being botled, as other Liquors do. For let me tell you, Gentlemen, Air is but a thinner ſort of Liquor, and drinks much the better for being botled.

Longv. Moſt certainly the world is very fooliſh, not to ſnuff up botled Air, as they drink botled Drink.

Bruce. The fooliſh World is never to be mended. For all this, your Glaſs-Coach will to *Hide-park* for Air. The Suburb-fools trudge to *Lambs-Conduit* or *Totnam*; your ſprucer ſort of Citizens gallop to *Epſom*; your Mechanick groſs Fellows, ſhewing much conjugal affection, ſtrut before their Wives, each with a Child in his Arms, to *Iſlington*, or *Hogſdon*.

Sir Nic. Ay poor dull Fools!

Longv. But to what end do you weigh this Air, Sir?

Sir Nic. To what end ſhou'd I? to know what it weighs. O knowledge is a fine thing; why I can tell to a Grain what a gallon of any Air in *England* weighs.

Bruce. Is that all the uſe you make of theſe Pneumatick Engines?

Sir Nic. No, I eclipſe the light of rotten Wood, ſtinking Whitings and Thornback, and putrid Fleſh when it becomes lucid.

Longv. Will ſtinking Fleſh give light like rotten Wood?

Sir Nic. O yes; there was a lucid Surloin of Beef in the *Strand*, fooliſh people thought it burnt, when it onely became lucid and chryſtalline by the coagulation of the aqueous juice of the Beef, by the corruption that invaded it. 'Tis frequent. I my ſelf have read a *Geneva* Bible by a Leg of Pork.

Bruce. How, a *Geneva* Bible by a Leg of Pork?

Sir Nic. O Ay, 'tis the fineſt Light in the World: but for all that, I could eclipſe the Leg of Pork in my Receiver, by pumping out the Air; but immediately upon the appulſe of the Air let in again, it becomes lucid as before.

Long. Is it ſo curious a Light?

Sir Nic. O admirable! I am now ſtudying of Glow-worms, a

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fine Study; it is a curious Animal: I think I ſhall preſerve 'em light all the year, and then I'll never uſe any other light in my Study but Glow-worms and Concave-glaſſes.

Bruce. What do you with the Speaking-Trumpet?

Sir Nic. O that Stentrophonical Tube, though not invented by me, yet is improv'd beyond all mens expectations.

Long. They can hear diſtinctly a League at Sea by them already.

Sir Nic. Piſh! that's nothing; I have made one, you may hear eight mile about, and I ſhall improve it very much more: for there's no ſtop in Art. But of all Languages, none is heard ſo far as *Greek*; your *Ionick* Dialect of *Oio* does ſo roul in the ſound. I make Sir *Formal* ſpeak *Greek* often in it.

Bruce. This Sir *Formal* has a great many pretty Employments under him.

Sir Nic. I doubt not but in three moneths to improve it ſo, that from the chief Mountain, Hill, or Eminence in a County, a man may be heard round the County.

Long. This will be above all wonder.

Sir Nic. I have thought of this to do the King ſervice; for when I have perfected it, there needs but one Parſon to Preach to a whole County; the King may then take all the Church-Lands into his own hands, and ſerve all *England* with his Chaplains in Ordinary.

Long. This is a moſt admirable project. But what will become of the reſt of the Parſons?

Sir Nic. It is no matter, let 'em learn to make Wollen Cloth, and advance the Manufacture of the Nation; or learn to make Nets, and improve the Fiſhing-Trade; it is a fine ſedentary life for thoſe idle Fellows in black.

Bruce. Theſe illiterate Virtuoſo's hate all that have relation to Learning.

Long. You cannot blame 'em. But there being no ſtop in Art, you may advance this Trumpet ſo far, you may make 'em talk from one Nation to another.

Sir Nic. So I may in time.

Bruce. By this Princes may converſe, treat, congratulate, and condole, without the great charge and trouble of Ambaſſadors.

Sir Nic. I hope to effect it. But I wonder Sir *Formal* is not return'd;

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return'd; I ſent him to fix my Telleſcopes for ſurveying the Moon.

Long. Do you believe the Moon is an Earth, as you told us?

Sir Nic. Believe it! I know it; I ſhall ſhortly publiſh a Book of Geography for it. Why, 'tis as big as our Earth; I can ſee all the Mountainous parts, and Vallies, and Seas, and Lakes in it; nay, the larger ſort of Animals, as Elephants and Camels; but publick Buildings and Ships very eaſily. I have ſeen ſeveral Battels fought there. They have great Guns, and have the uſe of Gun-powder. At Land they fight with Elephants and Caſtles. I have ſeen 'em ———

Bruce. No Phanatick that has loſt his Wits in Revelation, is ſo mad as this Fool.

Longv. You are miſtaken, this is but a faint Copy to ſome Originals among the Tribe.

Sir Nic. There's now a great Monarch, who has Armies in ſeveral Countreys in the Moon, which we find out, becauſe the Colours which we ſee are all alike. There are a great many States, which we take to be Confederates againſt him. He is a very ambitious Prince, and aims at Univerſal Monarchy; but the reſt of the Moon will be too hard for him.

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. I have fix'd the Tubes in the Garden; and, if we be not deceived, the great Monarch is making an Attaque upon a Town, and they are in very hard Service.

Sir Nic. 'Tis probable ——— We'll haſte to ſee it. But firſt do me the favour to ſpeak two or three Greek Verſes in this Trumpet.

Sir Form. With all my heart.

[*Sir* Formal *ſpeaks ſome Verſes out of* Homer.

Enter Sir Nicholas's *Servant.*

Serv. Sir, Sir! ſtand upon your Guard; the Houſe is beſet by a great Rabble of People, who threaten to pull you out of it, and tear you in pieces.

Sir Nic. O Heav'n! what is the matter?

Serv. Sir, they are Ribbon-weavers; who have been informed, that you are he that invented the Engine-Loom, which has provok'd 'em to riſe up in Arms, and they are reſolv'd to be reveng'd for't: Liſten, Sir, you may hear 'em.

Sir Nic. O what will become of me! Gentlemen, Gentlemen,

for

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for Heav'ns sake do something for me; I protest and vow they wrong me, I never invented any thing of use in my life, as gad shall mend me not I.

Bruce. We shall be beaten for being in such damn'd company, and faith we shall deserve it. [*A noise without.*

Sir Nic. Mercy on me! how loud they are! O Gentlemen, What is to be done?

Longv. Get your Guns and Pistols charg'd. The Rabble, like wild Beasts, are frighted at Fire-arms.

Sir Nic. Go, get 'em charg'd quickly.

Sir Form. Now is the time for me to shew my parts. I have another Weapon. Let me alone with them.

Sir Nic. What Weapon, Sir *Formal*?

Sir Form. Eloquence: I warrant ye. Let me alone. I'll go out among 'em.

Sir Nic. O 'twill never do; they are very outrageous Rogues. What will become of us?

Sir Form. You kow not the charmes of Oratory. 'Twas my fortune to be near the *Temple*-stairs, when the Watermen, who had drunk too deep of a Liquor, somewhat stronger than that which is the Scene of their Vocation, were stirr'd up into so popular a heat and fervour, that its fury threatned the adjacent Society ——The Water-men were themselves (as I may so say) blown into a Tempest, when strait I ventur'd in among the intemperate Crowd, and by the force of Rhetorick, dispell'd the barbarity of their over-boyling Ale, and too much fermented Choller, and gently recompos'd their minds into a sedate and quiet temper: and I doubt not but to have the same effect upon these.

Sir Nich. Quickly then, dispatch. Tell 'em I am innocent, I never invented any thing in my life. Go-go, quickly. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE the Street, a great Rabble of People together, and *Snarl*, &c.

Snarl. What ever they say, this Sir *Nicholas*, and one Sir *Formal* that's with him, invented the Engine-loom, to the confusion of Ribbon-weavers. I shall be sufficiently reveng'd on the Rogues now. [*aside.*

1. *Weav.* O Villains! we'll maul 'em. Are these the tricks of a Vertoso? have they studi'd these fourteen years for this?

Snarl.

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Snarl. Yes, for much leſs. The truth is, 'tis a burning ſhame that poor men ſhou'd be ruin'd by ſuch Fellows, in ſadneſs 'tis—

2. *Weav.* I never thought theſe Vertoſo's wou'd do any thing but miſchief, for my part.

3. *Weav.* Where are the Rogues? Come out of your Den.

All. Come out! where are the Vertoſo's here?

1. *Weav.* Break open the houſe. Open the doo,, or we'll demoliſh———

Porter within. What wou'd you have? ſtand off?

1. *Weav.* What wou'd you have, you Son of a Whore; the Engine, and the Rogues that invented it.

Porter within. Here's no Engine, no Rogues, nor Inventers neither———

Enter Sir Formal.

Sir Form. Now will I try my Eloquence. Come, Gentlemen, What is it you wou'd have? What is the fountain of your diſcontents? now for the power of Oratory! Come, come, come—

1. *Weav.* Here's one of the Raſcals, take him amongſt you.

Sir Form. Why, Gentlemen.

2. *Weav.* Tear him in pieces.

Sir Form. I ſay, Gentlemen———

3. *Weav.* Cut off his ears.

1. *Weav.* Take him and hang him upon the next Sign.

Sir Form. I beſeech you.

All. Ay, hang him up quickly.

Sir Form. Hold! hold! ſhall I not ſpeak?

2. *Weav.* Yes, if you can after you are hang'd.

Sir Form. Why, Gentlemen, I am of your ſide. If you commit this raſh outrage, you will be ſoundly puniſh'd upon a *Quare fremuerunt Gentes*—

Some. Let him ſpeak.

Others. No, he ſhall not ſpeak; hang him—

1. *Weav.* Hold, Neighbours and Friends, let's hear him, he may perhaps diſcover ſomething of this buſineſs.

All. Let him ſpeak—

Sir Form. By what occaſion or accident this unheard of Torrent of tempeſtuous rage was thus inflam'd, I very much ignore. But let it not be ſaid that Engliſhmen, good common-wealth's-men, and ſober diſcreet Ribbon-weavers, ſhould be thus hurri'd

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by the rapid force of the too dangerous Whirlwind, or Hurricane of paſſion.

1. *Weav.* He ſpeaks notably.

2. *Weav.* He's a well-ſpoken man truly——

Sir Form. Of paſſion, I ſay, which with its ſudden and, alas! too violent circumgyrations, does too often ſhipwrack thoſe that are agitated by it, while it turns them into ſuch giddy confuſion, that they can no longer trim the Sails of Reaſon, or ſteer by the Compaſs of Judgment.

1. *VVeav.* His Tongue's well hung, but I know not what he means by all this ſtuff.

Sir Form. I ſay, Gentlemen.

2. *VVeav.* Pox on you, you ſhall ſay no more. What's this to the invention of the Loom?

3. *VVeav.* This is one of the Inventers, hang him. Where's t'other? break open the houſe.

Enter Sir Nicholas, Bruce, *and* Longvil *above.*

Sir Form. Do but hear me?

1. *VVeav.* No, Raſcal, we will not hear you.

[*They beat him, kick him, and fling Oranges at him.*

Sir Form. All this I can bear, if you will but hear me, Gentlemen—— I am a perſon——

2. *VVeav.* A perſon, a Rogue, a Villain! a damn'd Vertoſo! A perſon!

Sir Form. I ſay, Gentlemen, I am a perſon——

1. *VVeav.* Pox on you——we'll uſe you like a Dog—— Sir——

Sir Form. Quouſque tandem effrenata jactabit audacia. This is a barbarity which *Scythians* would bluſh at.

1. *VVeav. Scythians!* What a pox does he call us names? take him, and hang him up.

Sir Nic. I ſee Sir *Formal*'s Oratory cannot prevail; What ſhall I do?

1. *VVeav.* O there he is. Come down, or we'll fetch you down, and your Engine too.

Longv. Nay, then 'tis time to ſally out——

Bruce. Give us Piſtols, quickly——

Sir Nic. Hear me, Gentlemen. I never invented an Engine in my life; as gad ſhall ſa' me you do me wrong. I never invented ſo much as an Engine to pair Cream-cheeſe with. We Vertuoſo's

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tuoſo's never find out any thing of uſe, 'tis not our way.

1. *Vert.* Hang your way. You are a damn'd lying Vertoſo. Break open the door quickly——

Enter Longvil *and* Bruce *below with Piſtols, Servants.*

Bruce. Where are theſe Dogs?

[*Diſcharge their Piſtols, all run out.*

Sir Form. Murder! murder! [*Falls down.*

Enter Sir Nicholas *creeping out with a Blunderbus.*

Sir Nic. Where are theſe Rogues?

Long. Sirra, go and call the Guard, leaſt they ſhould rally again.

Bruce. Sir *Formal* is ſhot, and all the Rabble is eſcap'd unhurt.

Sir Nic. O my Friend! Sir *Formal!* Sir *Formal!*

Sir Formal. I am alive, Sir *Nicholas*, but ſurely I am ſhot.

Sir Nic. Let's ſearch—Here is no hole in your cloaths.

Sir Form. Hum—I find no blood. Truly I did opine that I was ſhot——but I am exceedingly beaten and bruiſed. Though there be no diſcretion, I have ſuffered much confuſion.

Sir Nic. I ſee your Oratory could not prevail.

Sir Form. No, no, theſe Barbarians underſtand not Eloquence. I muſt go in, and diſcover this diſorder— [*Exit Sir* Form.

Bruce. Let's take this opportunity to get rid of the Vertuoſo, and go to the Maſquerade.

Footm. Sir, the Guard was coming to ſuppreſs the tumult ere I went; they ſeiz'd ſome of the Mutineers, and diſpers'd the reſt.

Long. Now we are ſafe, Sir. We humbly take our leaves till to morrow—— [*Exit* Longvil *and* Bruce.

Sir Nic. Gentlemen, your humble Servant;
Where are my Wife and Nieces?

Porter. They are gone abroad, Sir.

Sir Nic. At this time o' night? Did they go together?

Port. No, Sir, my Lady went alone.

Sir Nic. And did you let my Nieces go out, Villain, without your Lady?

Port. Sir *Formal* carried them out.

Sir Nic. 'Death! what deſign is this? they are gone to the Maſquerade: My Wife alone too! I like not this. The ſtory in *German-ſtreet* was very ſuſpitious. I ſhall find out theſe practiſes.

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The SCENE is a large Room, with a great number of Masqueraders, Men and Women, in many different habits.

Enter Sir Samuel *and* Hazard.

Sir Sam. Now, *Hazard*, let's enjoy our selves: I am never in my Element, but when I am adventuring about an Intriguo, or Masquerading about business. Now you shall see me shew my parts.

Haz. Do. Sir *Samuel*, you are excellent at these things.

Sir Sam. Nay, if any man outdoes me about this business. Well, no more to be said. Is not mine a very pretty Disguise? Ha!

Haz. An admirable one——

Sir Sam. I have forty of 'em upon Intriguo's and businesses. But now to work. Do you know me? [*To* Clar.

Clar. No: yet me-thinks you look through your disguise like a foolish Fellow I have seen.

Sir Sam. A foolish Fellow——Hey poop! you were never so much in the wrong in your life, as gad mend me——

Clar. I do not think so; a Mask might cover deformity, but not folly. You have the very Meen of a Coxcomb; all the motions of your body declare the weakness of your mind.

Sir Sam. Pish! what you are upon the high Ropes now. Whip stich, Your nose in my breech. Pish! I'll talk no more with her.

Haz. Do you know me? [*To* Mir.

Mir. No; I neither know ye, nor care to know ye.

Haz. They who have so little curiosity, have less pleasure.

Mir. I ghess your inside to be no better than your outside.

Haz. Try 'em both, and you'l be of another opinion.

Mir. The Conviction's not worth the Trial.

L. Gim. I wonder which is *Hazard*. But my business is not with him.

Sir Sam. These are very angry Ladies, *Hazard*. Just now we met two were very kind to us. Pretty Rogues. They had delicate hands, arms and necks—— and they were Women of Quality, I'm sure by their Linnen.——

Haz. That's no rule——for Whores wear as good Linnen as honest Women: fine Clothes and good Linnen are the Working-Tools of their Trade.

Sir

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Sir Sam. But I know by their Wit and *Repertees* they were fine persons. I am confident my Woman knowes me, and has a kindness for me.

Haz. Me-thought they seem'd to be rank Strumpets——

Sir Sam. Prethee hold thy peace. *Tace* is Latine for a Candle. I am us'd to these Intregues and Businesses——

Enter Longvil *and* Bruce *in their own Clothes, Masqued.*

Clar. Longv. and *Bruce*! let's watch them, and see where they'l direct themselves.

Mir Like right-bred men o'th'Town; I warrant upon the next they light on.

Sir Sam. 'Ods my life, I ha' lost my Lac'd Handkercher——

Haz. 'Death! I ha 'lost mine too. Heart! all my money's gone——

Sir Sam. Ha! Money! what a pox, mine's all flown too. Whip, slap-dash——

Haz. Whip, slap-dash! a pox o' your Women of Quality, they are flown too. Whip, slap-dash——But you have been us'd to such Intriguo's and Businesses——

Sir Sam. I durst ha'sworn I could not be deceiv'd. Though I ha' been often serv'd so by Vizard Masques in the Pit, they are mightily given to't; we men of adventure must bear this. Come, no more to be said. Come, 'tis well it's no worse. Come!

Longv. This is a fine civil Assembly truly. The Knight has great conveniences of Coaches and Retiring-Rooms.

Bruce. It is a very rank Ball; there's like to be very much Fornication committed to night.

Longv. A Masquerade's good for nothing else, but to hide blushes, and bring bashful people together, who are asham'd to sin bare-fac'd. There's a Lady hovering about you, and longs to pickeer with you. [*Lady* Gim. *stares on* Bruce.

Bruce. O that it were *Clarinda* in a good mind.

Longv. I wish it be not *Miranda* in a bad one; her shape's like hers——

Sir Sam. Come, Fidles, be ready—— Shall I wait on you in a Dance about business—— [*Takes out* Clar.

The *Boree*—— [*They Dance, Sir* Samuel *leaves her, She takes in another.*

Clar. A *Corant.*

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Bruce. May I not have the honour to know who you are?

L. Gim. 'Tis sufficient to tell you, I am one you have no ill wishes to, and would not tell you this but in Masque.

Bruce. She's finely shap'd, and by her Jewels a Woman of some condition. Come, off with this Cloud to a good face, and Ornament to a bad one.

L. Gim. No: but if you will withdraw into another Room, I'll let you know more of my mind, though not of my face.

Bruce. The temptation is too strong to be resisted. Let's steal off. [*They steal out.*

Entry of Scaramouchi *and Clowns.* [*Dance:*

Sir Sam. Very fine, I swear very fine—— Where the Devil's this *Miranda?* I cannot find her out for my life———

Clar. Did you not see *Bruce* steal off with a Lady?

Mir. Yes, and cannot bear it. I am so foolish, I wou'd I were not.

Sir Sam. But hold. Who held my Sword while I daneed? 'Twas a French Sword, cost me fifteen Pistols: a curse on him, he's rubb'd off with———But Come, 'tis well its no worse yet———

Longv. This *Bruce* stayes somewhat long, I like it not. If I cou'd find out either *Clarinda* or *Miranda* here, I shou'd be out of doubt——Let me see, who are you?

Fig. What authority have you to examine me?———

[*She speaks in a Poppets voice.*

Long. What have we here, a Poppet?

Fig. Such a Poppet as you'l be glad to change for the Player you keep——

Longv. You are mistaken, I love the Stage too well to keep any of their women to make 'em proud and insolent, and despise that Calling, to take up a worse.

Fig. Then you are none of the Fops I took you for.

Enter Bruce *and Lady* Gimerack.

Bruce. I can never rest till I know who has oblig'd me.

L. Gim. Since you are so importunate, I'll give you a Note will discover it, if you'll give me your Honour not to open it till the Masquerade be done.

Bruce. Upon my Honour I will not.

L. Gim. Now shew your self a man of Honour.

Bruce.

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Bruce. Gad I think I have already ——

Enter Sir Formal *in* Scaramoucha's *habit.*

Clar. Yonder's Sir *Formal.* You have your Cue, *Betty.*

Bett. I warrant you, Madam.

(*To Sir Form.*) You ſee I am as good as my word.

Sir Form. 'Tis ſhe by her Bracelet and Pendants. Madam, had not ſome diſaſter intervened, I had ſooner kiſs'd your hands. But of that, more anon.

Enter L. Gimcrack *in another diſguiſe.*

L. Gim. Now for the reſt of my Plot. I ſhall diſappoint theſe young Sluts, or make miſchief enough.

[*Exit* Longv. *and L.* Gimcrack.

Enter Snarl *bare-fac'd.*

Mir. Did not you ſee *Longvil* ſteal out with a woman?

Clar. Too well. Our Lovers are well match'd.

Snarl. In ſadneſs I think *Bedlam*'s broke looſe and come hither. VVhat a company of Antick Puppies are here? Pox on 'em all. But where is this *Figgup*? by the Maſs I'll not ſuffer her to go to theſe Schools of Bawdery; in ſadneſs ſhe'll be too apt a Scholar I am afraid.

Sir Sam. Hey *Snarl*! What, do yo come to a Maſquerade bare-fac'd?

Snarl. Yes, that I do, nor am I aſham'd of my face, as Rogues and VVhores are. VVhoſe Fool are you?

Clar. Sir, will you pleaſe to dance?

Snarl. No indeed won't I. I thank God I am not ſuch a Coxcomb yet in ſadneſs.——VVhat do you find in my face to think me ſuch an Owl?

Mir. VVhat do you come for then?

Snarl. VVhy to find one that ſhould be wiſer than to be here, by the Maſs.

Fig. He means me, I ſhall be undone.

Clar. VVhom do you mean? ſhe that was in the Wood-hole?

Mir. She that was diſcover'd in *Germin-ſtreet.*

Snarl. Ounds! I ſhall be a By-word all over the Town, in ſadneſs.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nic. My Uncle here?

Clar. Is it ſhe you look for?

Snarl.

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Snarl. What pert-ſnivelling, ſqueaking-Baggages are you? here's a ſqueaking with you, with a pox to you.

Haz. To him, Sir *Samuel.*

Sir Sam. Sir, let me ask you one civil queſtion.

[*In a ſqueaking tone.*

Snarl. What civil queſtion would you ask now?

[*Mocking him.*

Sir Sam. Were not you with a Lady in *Germin-ſtreet* pull'd out by the heels to day?

Snarl. Ounds! What Rogue art thou? I could find in my heart to beat thee moſt exorbitantly.

Haz. Your Land-lady in *Germin-ſtreet* is a School-miſtris, is ſhe not, Sir?

Snarl. O my ſhame comes upon me! In ſadneſs you are all a company of ſqueaking Coxcombs; wou'd you were all Eunuchs by the Maſs, that you might alwayes keep your Treble Voices.

1. *Bull.* What, was this virtuous Gentleman taken with a Whore?

2. *Bull.* Sir, do you very much delight in Birch?

Sir Sam. Yes, for mortification-ſake. He's a great doer of Pennance.

Haz. A fine old Gentleman, with gray hairs, to be over-taken.

Sir Form. Truly I am ſorry a perſon of your gravity ſhou'd ſo expoſe your diſcretion.

Snarl. What damn'd antick Raſcal's this? [*Kicks him.*

Sir. Form. As gad mend me it was uncivil. But, Madam, we will retire, if you pleaſe.

Snarl. What a Devil, ſhall I be over-ſet with Rogues and Fools here———

1. *Bull.* Damn Rogues and Fools.

Snarl. So I ſay, in ſadneſs. The Men are all Rogues and Fools, and the Women all Strumpets, by the Maſs, or which are ten times worſe, ſcandalous honeſt Women. In ſadneſs it is a ſhame ſuch Bawdy doings ſhould be ſuffered in a civil Nation; my heart bleeds for't, by the Maſs. It was not ſo in the laſt Age. Why, what do I talk with a company of Owls for? I come to find one whom I'll never ſeek again; if ſhe will not appear now———

Fig.

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Fig. O Buddy, I am here; but I was afraid you'd be an anger'd.

Snarl. In ſadneſs I wonder you are not aſham'd to come to theſe vicious ſcandalous bawdy places. Come away for ſhame—

[*Exeunt* Snarl *and* Fig.

Enter Longvil *and Lady* Gimcrack.

Longv. I never yet knew one ſo free of her body, and ſo nice of her face before. Shall I know no more of you?

L. Gim. Since you will have it ſo———there's a Note will inform you more: But upon your Honour you muſt not open it till the Maſquerade be over.

Longv I will not.

Sir Nic. My Dear, I wonder'd I cou'd not ſee you before.

L. Gim. O *Hazard*, have I found thee? this is good luck, my Dear.

Sir Nic. O infamous damn'd Woman!

L. Gim. It makes me break my Spleen almoſt to think, what an Aſs we made of Sir *Nicholas* to day.

Sir Nic. Ay, ſo it does mine. Ha-ha-ha———A curſe on Woman-kind!

L. Gim. He, poor Fool, believes us all this while to be as innocent. Now ſhall you have free liberty to come home to me.

Sir Nic. Shall he ſo, Madam? [*L. Gim. ſhreeks out.*

Sir Sam. What's here? one offering violence to a Lady!

Haz. Who, this my Lady *Gimcrack?*

L. Gim. It is my Husband! for Heaven's ſake keep him here, till I run home. [*Exit Lady* Gim.

Haz. Villain! how dare you abuſe a Lady? [*Kicks him.*

Sir Nic. It's no matter for that, I ſhall not diſcover my ſelf.

Haz. It is Sir *Nicholas*; now you may lock him up, and be reveng'd of him———

Sir Sam. No more to be ſaid. Hey! who waits there? Take this Fellow and lock him up, till I talk with him about buſineſs.

Sir Nic. 'Death! What will become of me?

Longv. I have fix'd upon almoſt every Woman of the Maſquerade, and cannot find which is either *Clarinda* or *Miranda*.

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1. *Bull.* Ounds you lie.——

2. *Bull.* Take that, Raſcal. [*They draw, and all draw. Exeunt all, women ſhricking.*

Sir Sam. Theſe damn'd Bully Rogues have ſpoil'd my Intrigue; a pox on'em all, the Ladies are gone. But I'll find a way to be convey'd into *Miranda*'s Chamber to night yet —— [*Exit Sir* Sam.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, *and* Porter.

Long. Is not Sir *Nicholas* within?

Port. No: but my Lady and the two Ladies are come; my Lady is gone up to my Maſter's Cloſet, and the young Ladies are in the Garden.

Bruce. We come to tell Sir *Nicholas*, we've wholly quell'd the Mutiny, and ſeen the Offenders committed.

Port. He will be within preſently—— [*Exit.*

Long. I do not ſee the Ladies here: but this was a very ſtrange adventure at the Maſquerade.

Bruce. The Circumſtances are ſo like, had I not ſeen two ſeveral habits, I ſhou'd believe 'twas the ſame Woman I have a Note to, and receiv'd the ſame injunction not to open it.

Longv. Let me read your Note, and you ſhall read mine; the Moon-light will ſerve for that.
By that means I may diſcover ſomething. [*Aſide.*

Bruce. Agreed. I may perhaps make a diſcovery. [*Aſide*

Reads. *You ſee I dare not own my kindneſs, but when I had ſomething to hide my bluſhes. I hope you'l uſe the Conqueſt like a Gentleman.* Clarinda.

Longv. How! this is to the ſame effect, ſubſcrib'd by *Miranda*. There needs no further argument of your treachery, and ſuch as I did not think a Gentleman could be guilty of.

Bruce. Death! Do you accuſe me of Treachery, who are your ſelf ſo great a Traitor? Draw——

Longv. Are you ſo nimble? Have at you—— [*Fight.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Miranda.

Cla. } Hold! hold! hold! for Heaven's ſake hold!
Mir. }

Clar. What means this madneſs in this place?

Bruce. I ſuppoſe you gheſs at the meaning.

Longv. If not, *Miranda* can inform you.

Mir. This is abſolute diſtraction, Gentlemen.

Bruce.

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Bruce. You let *Longvil* know more of your mind, Madam, in a private Room at the Masquerade to night.

Longv. If she did not, this Lady was kind enough to you there.

Mir. What madness is this! I spoke ne'r a word to either of you there.

Clar. Nor I, Heav'n knows! but we saw each of you steal away with a Lady———

Bruce. Do you know that hand, Madam? [*To* Clar.

Longv. Or you this, Madam? [*To* Mir.

Clar. My name subscrib'd!

Mir. And here is mine.

Clar. This mischief is too evident. This is my Aunts hand.

Mir. And this is her Character too. This malice is beyond example, and your baseness, so soon to entertain such thoughts of us.

Clar. That senseless vanity, that makes them think so well of themselves, made 'em think so ill of us.

Longv. Oh Heaven! what have we done! I beg a thousand pardons for my fault.

Bruce. Hear but my acknowledgment, on my knees I beg forgiveness for my ill thoughts of so excellent a Lady.

Clar. Be gone, unworthy Men, and never see us more.

Mir. I'll ne'r forgive the Man that thus dare injure me.

[*Exeunt* Clar. *and* Mir.

Longv. This damn'd Lady has put her self upon us for two Women. Let's not leave 'em, till we have satisfied them of the occasion of our jealousie.

Bruce. Let's follow at a distance———

[Longv. *and* Bruce *follow 'em.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Miranda, *and go into an Arbour.*

Long. They are gone into that Arbour: Let's do an ungenerous thing for once, and listen.

Bruce. Agreed; we then perhaps may hear what their resentments are.

Mir. I see we must carry our selves with more reservedness, since Men of Wit and Pleasure are so apt to think ill of our Sex.

Clar. For all this, I love *Longvil* to that height, I cannot be reserved to him, I can forgive him any thing.

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Mir. I love *Bruce* too almost to distraction, and could venture any thing but honour for him.

Clar. I'd lose my Life and Love a thousand times before my Virtue. But our cross Love can never meet.

Mir. The breach was great enough before: but this falshood and malice of my Lady has made it wider. But hold, we are over-heard.

Clar. O Heaven! here are *Longvil* and *Bruce*——

[*They run away shreeking.*

Longv. Our case is plain, we have no hopes of succeeding in our intended Loves; or if I had, I wou'd not have the Body without the Mind.

Bruce. A man enjoyes as much by a Rape as that way. But I am so pleas'd to find *Miranda* loves me, that I'd not change for any but *Clarinda*.

Longv. I have the same opinion of *Clarinda*'s love; and could you be contented, I would willingly change. Gratitude to her will move my heart, more than *Miranda*'s charms with her aversion can.

Bruce. Since our affections will not thrive in the soil we had plac'd them in, we must transplant them.

Longv. Love, like the Sun-beams, will not warm much, unless reflected back again. It is resolv'd it shall be so.

Bruce. Let's follow them now; and while the Metall's hot, 'twill take a Bent the easier. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA ultima.

Enter Sir Nicholas, *Lady* Gimcrack.

Sir Nic. Infamous, vile Woman, I'll be reveng'd on all your lewdness.

L. Gim. I have broken open your Closet, and here are all your Letters from your several Whores: And do you think I'll bear your falshood without revenge?

Sir Nic. Be gone out of my doors, I cast you from me; and I have here another Mistriss of this House. Come in.

Enter Flirt.

To you I give possession of all here, Madam. Out of my doors.

L. Gim. Is this one of the Creatures you converse with about Philosophical matters? Fare-ye-well. I have, thanks to my Friends, a settlement for separate maintenance, and I have provided

provided for my self too. A worthy Gentleman: Come in, Sir; he will defend my Person, and my Honour.

Enter Hazard.

Sir Nic. Who e're shall make such settlements hereafter, may they be plagu'd as I am! Vile Creature———

L. Gim. Sir, I shall publish your Letters into bargain and send 'em to *Gresham-Colledge*; then you'll be more despis'd than now you are there———

Sir Nic. O misfortune! that will be worse than all the miseries can happen to me. Hold, Madam, I have thought on't; and to shew how much I can be a Philosopher, I am content it should be a drawn Battle betwixt us: Do you forgive, and you shall find that I can do so too.

Enter Steward.

Stew. O Sir! I bring you the most unfortunate news that e'r you heard.

Sir Nic. More crosses still!

Stew. Several Engineers, Glass-makers, and other people you have dealt with for Experiments, have brought Executions, and Extents, and seiz'd on all your Estate in the Countrey.

L. Gim. 'Tis very well; you were all this while Botling of Air, and studying Spiders and Glow-worms, stinking Fish, and rotten Wood.

Sir Nic. This last affliction is too great to bear; but I am resolv'd to forgive thee, my Dear, and be a good Husband, and redeem all.

L. Gim. No, Sir, I thank you; my Settlement is without inbrance, and I'll preserve it without you, which you are the greatest a Woman can have.

Enter Sir Formal *and* Betty.

Sir Form. Sir, I humbly implore your pardon, for a crime, which Love, which was too strong for my resistance, caused in me.

Sir Nic. What do you mean?

Sir Form. I have marri'd *Clarinda*; the pretty Creature had an odd fancy to be marri'd in Masquerade. I hope you'l pardon it; Love is not in our power.

Sir Nic. O Heav'n! this is to add to all the rest. No, base man, I never will forgive it.

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Betty. (*aside*) Sir, you may if you please, and he too; consider, Sir, Love is not in our power.

Sir Form. I am amaz'd, I am struck dumb, I ne'r shall speak again!

Sir Nic. I am sorry for you, Sir *Formal*; but I have greater sorrows of my own: Yet I have my Uncle *Snarl* in reserve, I'll try his bounty——Oh here he is!

Enter Snarl *and* Figgup.

Snarl. Here! Where is this Coxcomb? Nephew—— This Vertuoso, I was with a Whore in *Germin-street*, was I? and your Ladiship reproach'd me too; she is your Aunt in sadness.

Sir Nic. How, Sir! What do you mean?

Snarl. Mean! why what shou'd I mean? she is my Wife, I am marri'd to her——

Fig. Yes, Sir, we are marri'd, I assure you.

Sir Nic. Oh this is worst of all, I have lost all hopes of his Estate, for which I've so long suffer'd all his frowardness.

Enter Longvil, Bruce, Clarinda, Miranda.

L. Gim. Oh Heav'n! are they so soon come to a right understanding? I am undone. Curse on 'em!

Snarl. O Gentlemen! that foolish Virtuoso, and that wordy Puppy Sir *Formal*, said, I was taken with a Whore in *Germin-street*: This is the Lady, and she's my Wife.

Haz. Be pleas'd to give Sir *Formal* joy; he is married to Mrs. *Betty* too.

Sir Form. Upon my sincerity, Madam, it was very uncivilly done, to slur your Maid upon me in your stead: But I must rest contented; no more to be said.

Clar. *Betty*, I wish thee joy; Sir *Formal*, she's as good a Gentlewoman as you a Gentleman.

Snarl. I thought my foolish flashy Orator wou'd be catch'd at last. Ha-ha-ha! what, marry a Chamber-maid!

Sir Form. But, Sir, I have not marri'd a Strumpet, as you have.

Longv. How! Is this virtuous Gentleman of the last Age so over-taken?

Bruce. Did Gentlemen and men of Honour marry Whores in the last Age?

Snarl. In sadness they have much ado to avoid it in this; if I have marri'd one, she is my own; and I had better marry my

my own then another name, by the Mass, as 'tis fifty to one I shou'd, if I had marri'd else-where, in sadness.

Sir Nic. I have yet a reserve: Nieces, my Land in the Countrey is Extended, and my Goods are seiz'd on: The Money which I have of yours will redeem all, and I will account with you.

Clar. Sir, I can do nothing, but by my Guardian's consent; and I have chosen Mr. *Longvil* for mine.

Mir. And Mr. *Bruce* has undertaken the protection of my Fortune.

Sir Nic. Death! now all my hopes are cut off; I thought to have made a good sum of money of my Nieces. Was this the Philosophy you came for, Gentlemen?

Enter two Porters with Sir Samuel *in a Chest.*

How now? Whom have we here?

Port. Sir, here is a Chest of Goods directed to Mrs *Miranda*, and we were commanded to bring it to her.

Mir. For me! set it down there.

Port. Shall we not carry it into your Chamber, Madam?

Mir. No: there's something for you: Be gone. [*Ex. Port.*

Clar. It stands in the way; Foot-men, set it upon one end.

[*They offer to turn Sir* Samuel *with his head down.*

Sir Sam. Hold, hold; murder, murder!

Sir Nic. How's this? some Rogue and Thief! pull him out.

Sir Sam. Rogue and Thief! I scorn your words.

Snarl. An Antick Coxcomb; I have seen a Baboon with more common sense.

Sir Sam. I came hither to my Mistriss *Miranda*, and wou'd marry her about this business.

Bruce. You must ask my leave, she has chosen me for her Guardian; and I will cut your throat if you attempt to make Love to her any more.

Sir Sam. And do you own what he says, Madam?

Mir. I must be rul'd by my Guardian.

Sir Sam. Why then I have been kick'd, beaten, pumpt, and tos's'd in a blanket, *&c.* to no purpose: I am unfortunate in this Intriguo. But no more to be said. Come; 'tis well its no worse yet.

Sir Nic. Sure, Sir *Formal*, you'll not deny me that.

Sir

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Sir Form. Truly I opine it not reasonable for one, who has marri'd one with nothing, to be security for another.

Sir Nic. That I shou'd know Men no better! I wou'd I had studi'd Mankind instead of Spiders and Insects. Sure, my Dear, thou wilt not leave me!

L. Gim. I am resolv'd to part this moment.

Sir Nic. Well, I have something left yet; and here's one loves me, she has told me so a thousand times.

Flirt. Sir, trust not to that; for Women of my profession love Men but as far as their Money goes.

Sir Nic. Am I deserted by all? Well, now 'tis time to study for use: I will presently find out the Philosophers Stone; I had like to have gotten it last year, but that I wanted *May-Dew*, being a dry season.

Longv. I hope, Ladies, since you have put your Estates into our hands, you'll let us dispose of your persons.

Mir. You must have time to leave off your old Love, before you put on new.

Clar. Nothing but time can fit it to you.

Bruce. You have given us hope, and we must live on that a while; and sure 'twill not be long that we shall live upon that slender Diet: For,

If Love can once a Lady's Out-works win,
It soon will Master all that is within.

[*Exeunt*

Epilogue.

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Epilogue.

Now you who think y'are Judges of the Pit,
Who never, but in finding faults, ſhow wit;
Who to your dear dull ſelves are kind alone,
And ne'r reflect on follies of your own:
Our Poet can from you no mercy find,
Who ſavage are to all but your own kind.
Nay, on the Stage if ſome of thoſe appear,
Though ne'r ſo like your ſelves, you hate 'em there,
As the whole Herd falls on a wounded Deer.
But of thoſe Ladies he deſpairs to day,
Who love a dull Romantick whining Play;
Where poor frail Woman's made a Deity,
With ſenſleſs amorous Idolatry,
And ſnivelling Heroes ſigh, and pine, and cry.
Though ſingly they beat Armies, and Huff Kings;
Rant at the Gods, and do impoſſible things;
Though they can laugh at danger, bloud and wounds;
Yet if the Dame once chides, the milk-ſop Hero ſwoons.
Theſe doughty things, nor Manners have, nor Wit;
We ne'r ſaw Hero fit to drink with yet.
But hold, I hear ſome ſay among the reſt,
This Play is not well bred, nor yet well dreſt;
Such Plays the Womens Poets can write beſt:
They differ from the Mens, you muſt allow,
As Womens Taylors Womens Poets too.
But know, good breeding ſhows its excellence,
Not in ſmall trifling forms, but in good ſenſe.
Yet, Ladies, to Stage-fools ſome favour ſhow,
Since off the Stage ſome Fops you can allow.
Few of the Sexes happy Favourites yet
Have been the moſt remarkable for Wit:
Sure you muſt like Copies of ſuch as theſe,
If the Original Coxcombs can ſo pleaſe.

But

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But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
And makes his Fops to them a Sacrifice:
You know the pangs, and many laboring throws,
By which your Brains their perfect births diſcloſe.
You can the faults and excellencies find;
Paſs by the one, and be to th'other kind.
By you he is reſolv'd to ſtand or fall:
What e'r's his doom he'd not repine at all.
And if this Birth ſhou'd want its perfect ſhape,
And cannot by your care its death eſcape,
Th'abortive Iſſue came before its day,
And th' Poet has miſcarri'd of a Play.

FINIS.

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